

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION

CERTIFIED SALE



The Tobacco that Satisfies

GALLAHER'S RICH DARK HONEY DEW

*Yours
from To-day!*

The Tobacco that satisfies *always*—that's GALLAHER'S RICH DARK. So surely and completely satisfying that it makes the old briar your best friend on earth. *Try it!* This rich, cool, fragrant, satisfying, GALLAHER'S RICH DARK. It smokes evenly—steadily—sweet to the last shred, and is, therefore, the most economical of Tobaccos.



1/0 1/2

PER OZ.

In 1, 2 and 4-oz decorated tins (see that the red protecting band is intact), and 2 and 4-oz. round air-tight tins. Obtainable also rubbed out for the pipe in 1-oz. packets and 2 and 4-oz. round air-tight tins.



Now mind it must be Gallaher's

MADE BY GALLAHER, LTD., BELFAST AND LONDON.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a
Newspaper.
Postage all over the world, 1d.



AE

Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed.

MASTERS
RYCROME
SOLES

DEPOSIT

All Sizes.
Flesh or Tan.

A new line styled with **RYCONE** leather, which wears twice as long as ordinary leathers, and gives you double value for your money. We offer these **RYCONE** styled Double-Sewn Boots, Oxfords, and Dress Shoes at \$25.00 each, while normally they cost \$40.00. Buy one now and save \$15.00! And, if you have the luck to wait while paying your monthly installments, give these wonderful **RYCONE** boots a trial. Send 1 P.O. or remittance today and say what size we shall send you. Satisfaction or Refund! **Value terms:** Send 1 P.O., 10 days - \$10.00; 20 days - \$16.00; 30 days - \$21.00; 40 days - \$26.00; 50 days - \$31.00; 60 days - \$36.00; 70 days - \$41.00; 80 days - \$46.00; 90 days - \$51.00; 100 days - \$56.00; 110 days - \$61.00; 120 days - \$66.00; 130 days - \$71.00; 140 days - \$76.00; 150 days - \$81.00; 160 days - \$86.00; 170 days - \$91.00; 180 days - \$96.00; 190 days - \$101.00; 200 days - \$106.00; 210 days - \$111.00; 220 days - \$116.00; 230 days - \$121.00; 240 days - \$126.00; 250 days - \$131.00; 260 days - \$136.00; 270 days - \$141.00; 280 days - \$146.00; 290 days - \$151.00; 300 days - \$156.00; 310 days - \$161.00; 320 days - \$166.00; 330 days - \$171.00; 340 days - \$176.00; 350 days - \$181.00; 360 days - \$186.00; 370 days - \$191.00; 380 days - \$196.00; 390 days - \$201.00; 400 days - \$206.00; 410 days - \$211.00; 420 days - \$216.00; 430 days - \$221.00; 440 days - \$226.00; 450 days - \$231.00; 460 days - \$236.00; 470 days - \$241.00; 480 days - \$246.00; 490 days - \$251.00; 500 days - \$256.00; 510 days - \$261.00; 520 days - \$266.00; 530 days - \$271.00; 540 days - \$276.00; 550 days - \$281.00; 560 days - \$286.00; 570 days - \$291.00; 580 days - \$296.00; 590 days - \$301.00; 600 days - \$306.00; 610 days - \$311.00; 620 days - \$316.00; 630 days - \$321.00; 640 days - \$326.00; 650 days - \$331.00; 660 days - \$336.00; 670 days - \$341.00; 680 days - \$346.00; 690 days - \$351.00; 700 days - \$356.00; 710 days - \$361.00; 720 days - \$366.00; 730 days - \$371.00; 740 days - \$376.00; 750 days - \$381.00; 760 days - \$386.00; 770 days - \$391.00; 780 days - \$396.00; 790 days - \$401.00; 800 days - \$406.00; 810 days - \$411.00; 820 days - \$416.00; 830 days - \$421.00; 840 days - \$426.00; 850 days - \$431.00; 860 days - \$436.00; 870 days - \$441.00; 880 days - \$446.00; 890 days - \$451.00; 900 days - \$456.00; 910 days - \$461.00; 920 days - \$466.00; 930 days - \$471.00; 940 days - \$476.00; 950 days - \$481.00; 960 days - \$486.00; 970 days - \$491.00; 980 days - \$496.00; 990 days - \$501.00; 1000 days - \$506.00; 1010 days - \$511.00; 1020 days - \$516.00; 1030 days - \$521.00; 1040 days - \$526.00; 1050 days - \$531.00; 1060 days - \$536.00; 1070 days - \$541.00; 1080 days - \$546.00; 1090 days - \$551.00; 1100 days - \$556.00; 1110 days - \$561.00; 1120 days - \$566.00; 1130 days - \$571.00; 1140 days - \$576.00; 1150 days - \$581.00; 1160 days - \$586.00; 1170 days - \$591.00; 1180 days - \$596.00; 1190 days - \$601.00; 1200 days - \$606.00; 1210 days - \$611.00; 1220 days - \$616.00; 1230 days - \$621.00; 1240 days - \$626.00; 1250 days - \$631.00; 1260 days - \$636.00; 1270 days - \$641.00; 1280 days - \$646.00; 1290 days - \$651.00; 1300 days - \$656.00; 1310 days - \$661.00; 1320 days - \$666.00; 1330 days - \$671.00; 1340 days - \$676.00; 1350 days - \$681.00; 1360 days - \$686.00; 1370 days - \$691.00; 1380 days - \$696.00; 1390 days - \$701.00; 1400 days - \$706.00; 1410 days - \$711.00; 1420 days - \$716.00; 1430 days - \$721.00; 1440 days - \$726.00; 1450 days - \$731.00; 1460 days - \$736.00; 1470 days - \$741.00; 1480 days - \$746.00; 1490 days - \$751.00; 1500 days - \$756.00; 1510 days - \$761.00; 1520 days - \$766.00; 1530 days - \$771.00; 1540 days - \$776.00; 1550 days - \$781.00; 1560 days - \$786.00; 1570 days - \$791.00; 1580 days - \$796.00; 1590 days - \$801.00; 1600 days - \$806.00; 1610 days - \$811.00; 1620 days - \$816.00; 1630 days - \$821.00; 1640 days - \$826.00; 1650 days - \$831.00; 1660 days - \$836.00; 1670 days - \$841.00; 1680 days - \$846.00; 1690 days - \$851.00; 1700 days - \$856.00; 1710 days - \$861.00; 1720 days - \$866.00; 1730 days - \$871.00; 1740 days - \$876.00; 1750 days - \$881.00; 1760 days - \$886.00; 1770 days - \$891.00; 1780 days - \$896.00; 1790 days - \$901.00; 1800 days - \$906.00; 1810 days - \$911.00; 1820 days - \$916.00; 1830 days - \$921.00; 1840 days - \$926.00; 1850 days - \$931.00; 1860 days - \$936.00; 1870 days - \$941.00; 1880 days - \$946.00; 1890 days - \$951.00; 1900 days - \$956.00; 1910 days - \$961.00; 1920 days - \$966.00; 1930 days - \$971.00; 1940 days - \$976.00; 1950 days - \$981.00; 1960 days - \$986.00; 1970 days - \$991.00; 1980 days - \$996.00; 1990 days - \$1001.00; 2000 days - \$1006.00; 2010 days - \$1011.00; 2020 days - \$1016.00; 2030 days - \$1021.00; 2040 days - \$1026.00; 2050 days - \$1031.00; 2060 days - \$1036.00; 2070 days - \$1041.00; 2080 days - \$1046.00; 2090 days - \$1051.00; 2100 days - \$1056.00; 2110 days - \$1061.00; 2120 days - \$1066.00; 2130 days - \$1071.00; 2140 days - \$1076.00; 2150 days - \$1081.00; 2160 days - \$1086.00; 2170 days - \$1091.00; 2180 days - \$1096.00; 2190 days - \$1101.00; 2200 days - \$1106.00; 2210 days - \$1111.00; 2220 days - \$1116.00; 2230 days - \$1121.00; 2240 days - \$1126.00; 2250 days - \$1131.00; 2260 days - \$1136.00; 2270 days - \$1141.00; 2280 days - \$1146.00; 2290 days - \$1151.00; 2300 days - \$1156.00; 2310 days - \$1161.00; 2320 days - \$1166.00; 2330 days - \$1171.00; 2340 days - \$1176.00; 2350 days - \$1181.00; 2360 days - \$1186.00; 2370 days - \$1191.00; 2380 days - \$1196.00; 2390 days - \$1201.00; 2400 days - \$1206.00; 2410 days - \$1211.00; 2420 days - \$1216.00; 2430 days - \$1221.00; 2440 days - \$1226.00; 2450 days - \$1231.00; 2460 days - \$1236.00; 2470 days - \$1241.00; 2480 days - \$1246.00; 2490 days - \$1251.00; 2500 days - \$1256.00; 2510 days - \$1261.00; 2520 days - \$1266.00; 2530 days - \$1271.00; 2540 days - \$1276.00; 2550 days - \$1281.00; 2560 days - \$1286.00; 2570 days - \$1291.00; 2580 days - \$1296.00; 2590 days - \$1301.00; 2600 days - \$1306.00; 2610 days - \$1311.00; 2620 days - \$1316.00; 2630 days - \$1321.00; 2640 days - \$1326.00; 2650 days - \$1331.00; 2660 days - \$1336.00;

on easy terms from 7 monthlies, privately by post. Ready to
sent and made to measure of Masters' famous double-wearing
Rags Towed and Sewed, etc., by expert tailors, and you have
the suit to wear while paying for it. Save 25, make and
wear guaranteed. Write today for Free Sample Pieces of
Cloth and Home Measurement Form.

BEST DIET ADVICE.

Dr. W. T. Libbthol Lane has demonstrated the importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health, and as a remedy for

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, Mr. EUSTACE MILES (Dept. D.B.J.), 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

Write name and address in CAPITALS
and enclose 11d. stamp for postage.

'NERVES'! 

Don't let "nerves" run your life. Iron OX tiny tonic tablets have helped thousands.

At all Chemists
13 & 5 -
IRCN-OL CO.,
37, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.

Hair-Growing Discovery

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St., (53 K.) London, W.1.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon—Value 2s

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATE, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket (11p. 3d. extra. Cross cheque p.o. " & Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen. Dept., Long Acre,
London, W.C. 2.



*The most practical and
beneficial in the world.*

"John Bull's" Great Free Insurance
still leads the way—is still the most
practical and beneficial in the world.

One of the greatest attractions is the many practical benefits that readers may enjoy *during their lifetime*, the money going *into their own pockets* to ward off the blows which an unkind Fate may deal.

FIRE, STORM, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—here are four of the commonest dangers of all against which "John Bull" makes ample provision.

Think of your home a prey to the flames, your possessions a charred heap! Think what a cheque from "John Bull" would mean if sickness should come. Think what a cheque would mean if an accident deprived you of your weekly earnings.

"What are the risks?" "Am I likely to benefit?" — those are the questions you should ask. Why not sign the forms now?

Some of the practical
**BENEFITS
PAID**
during 1926.

FIRE
STORM, FLOOD, Etc.
\$,097 CHEQUES
to readers who sustained
material loss resultant on
Fire, Flood, Storm, etc.

SICKNESS
1,173 CHEQUES
to readers who contracted
illnesses for which a benefit
of £500 is provided.

ACCIDENTS

1,200 CHEQUES

to readers who sustained accident in home or garden for which a benefit of £3 per week, up to £250 in case of death is provided.

BENEFITS PAID THIS WEEK 186—TOTAL 26,056

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.2.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

SEND ME.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address

Please deliver or reserve **JOHN BULL** for me weekly until I give notice.

Signature

Address

Date.....

11. 10. 1927.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT EASTER OFFER!

2/6
'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL
FREE!

Write on line below name
 or initials you desire engraved on Pen.

OFFER EXTENDED 10 DAYS.
 Owing to the wonderful popularity of the offer we have
 decided to extend it until May 9. We again repeat the
 offer: In addition to presenting a 2/6 "Everpointed"
 Pencil with each 8/- John Bull Pen (guaranteed two years)
 we will engrave your name in gold on the pen free.

EVERY PEN GUARANTEED.

YOUR NAME
ENGRAVED
FREE!

FREEZING POINT!



to preserve consistency 32° is the frigid temperature to which Gibbs Shaving Cream is subjected in order to preserve its consistency in all climates. This is one of the exclusive processes discovered by Gibbs Chemists to ensure that the tube of Gibbs Shaving Cream you buy will give you the swiftest, easiest, cleanest shaving you've ever experienced. The delicious Cold Cream blended into Gibbs Shaving Cream soothes and comforts the skin like a cold cream massage. Get a tube to-day.



FREE

Trial Tube & Stick

Send now for generous Trial Tube of Gibbs Shaving Cream and Trial Stick of Gibbs Cold Cream Shaving Soap. The Stick is made with the same care, to give the same delightful results as the Shaving Cream. Just send name and address with 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to:

D. & W. GIBBS LTD.
(Dept 119V)
Cold Cream Soap Works,
London, E.1

Gibbs
SHAVING CREAM
The Cream of Shaves

In Tubes 1/- and 1/6
British made



Corns Gone

There's no need for you to suffer from corns any longer than the time it takes you to put your feet into a Radox foot-bath. A table-spoonful of Radox Bath Salts in a foot-bath is fatal to corns. You can lift the most hardened offender out with your fingers after a few Radox foot-baths! The writer of this letter has found yet another use for Radox. Read what he says:—

"I feel I must write to let you know what your Radox Bath Salts have done for me. I suffered very much with my feet. I have tried all kinds of remedies without any good results, and the first time I had Radox Bath Salts I had instant relief. I find that the best method of using Radox Bath Salts is to sprinkle it in the socks and boots. I suffered from corns and aching feet. My feet were a mass of blisters. I could not walk comfortably. But now, by just sprinkling Radox Bath Salts in my socks, or boots, I can run, walk, dance, or do

anything with the greatest ease. My corns are now gone, so is all the irritation, thanks to Radox Bath Salts.

3rd March, 1927.

When you put your feet into a Radox footbath the Radox releases a very large percentage of oxygen, which cleanses and invigorates the pores, softens hard skin, and penetrates to the very root of the corn, enabling it to be withdrawn; root and a l, by the fingers. Used dry, as described in the letter, Radox is infinitely superior to Boracic Powder. Don't delay a moment longer; get a packet of Radox to-night and try it in your socks or in a foot-bath to-morrow. At all chemists, 1/6 1/2 lb.; 2/6 double size in the pink packet.

1/6

Half Pound
Pink Packet.

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."



they're
CAPSTAN
they're
CAPITAL

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.44W.



FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Sell manufacturers' clearing line and travelers' samples in General Drapery line below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Welford's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Made notes, selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travelers' samples, etc. Send P.O. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars. — Cochran's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Remnant, 81, High Street, Manchester.

RETAILERS, Marketmen and Beginners, don't delay writing for our free Illustrated Catalogue containing bargains in all classes of Drapery goods. — S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat. H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.C.1.

YOUTH money refunded if unsatisfied. Send £2 for Drapery, Overalls, Drapery parcel. Carr. pd. — Youth Warehouse, Ltd., 103, Houndsditch, E.C.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

BRITISH WORKMEN. — Be independent of strikes, lock-outs and unemployment. — Write for form 4, 103, Lavender Hill, London, for particulars of how to secure a separate income without expense or outlay.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a Bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. — Leslie Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 to £5 weekly. Run Bed-clothing Club amongst friends. NO OUTLAY. Particulars free. — Leslie Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

AGENCY. — Add to your earnings by representing in spare time old-established firm selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc.; cash and credit; any kind of regular work can supply; good commission; liberal supply samples; splendid catalogue; no outlay whatever. — Dept. J. Beaumont, 11, Birstall, Leeds.

SHOP. — Cinema Business House Canvasers. Offer sex, profitable, embossed showcards. Samples, lists, 1/- — Vanity Showcards, Birstall.

EMPLOYMENT.

WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one with fine prospects. This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship, and to-day he is drawing £500 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to make a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship" will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day. — The Wallace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1 (Phone: Chancery 7626).

KNITERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus. — G. B. M. Co., Dept. 12, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TEACH YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (introductions guaranteed). One 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now! — British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Offices, 6, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com. — J. Bolt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

A GOOD Position as Sales-Representative is waiting for you. The offer of one is guaranteed without tuition in Salesmanship by a unique method. Men who have taken advantage of this training are now earning from £5 to £20 per week. — Send for particulars and credentials to Salesmanship, Ltd., 56, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

£150-£300 SALARY for Certified Bookkeepers. Post tuition 10/- month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, gratis, free. — City Correspondence College, (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

TRUMPET PROFFITS IN SWEETS. Sweet making taught profession by (all branch) of Wanda's new system. No special appliances (except thermometer), kitchen utensils only. Opportunity in city or country. 2d. stamp booklet. — Dept. J.B. LIBERTY CANDY CO., Summit House, Longman Place, Regent St., London, W.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperial Knitting Machine at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to pay your work at good rates. Write for Free Book. — Imperial Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd., Dept. 62, 97, Gray's Inn Road, London.

25 BOYS wanted monthly for Queensland Farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages. Write or call 978, Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., W.1.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS and earn from £5 to £20 per week. Unique offer to those willing for our free book, "Advertising as a Career." — Dixon Institute of Advertising, Dept. 21, 195, Oxford Street, W.1.

WIRELESS. From £5 to £12 a week can be earned by competent men able to act as full or part-time representatives for well-known wireless manufacturers. Applicants must have knowledge of wireless installation and be able to furnish good references. An excellent opportunity for highly remunerative work for enthusiastic men. Applications will be treated in confidence. Write Box 100, J. W. Walker & Co., Aldwych House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small. Mail Order Campaigns. Experts. Free Service. Prospectus—Central Press (Dept. 60), 180, Strand, London. Phone: City 0642.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. — Write for advice and list to Levene (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.C.1.

PRINTING. — 10,000 Handbills or Billboards at 3/3 per 1,000. — Menzies, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples. 3d. postage. — Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

BARGAINS FOR ALL. Buy and sell privately through "The Bazaar." Send for free copy. See below.

WALLPAPERS direct from 24d per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding Wallpaper Co., 62, Trinity Street, Leeds.

LEATHER. — Our Net Tannage at 1/5, 1/7, 1/9, 2/- and 2/3 lb. Send for Free Sample & List. — The Yard Leather Co., Merthyr.

FREE COPY OF "THE BAZAAR", the private bargain paper, yours for a postcard. See special offer below.

WALLPAPERS. — Eclipse 1927 designs. Book 150 pages. From 2/6 per roll, free on application. — Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Rd., Leeds.

CHINA FROM WORKS. — Home Outfits, 32/6. Bedding, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satisfaction guaranteed. — Liverpool Pottery, Burslem.

SPECIMEN COPY OF "The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart", the private bargain paper (3d. all new items). Sent free. — Address: p.c. to J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. Mention hobby or subject interested in.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordions, cheap. — 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos. — Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

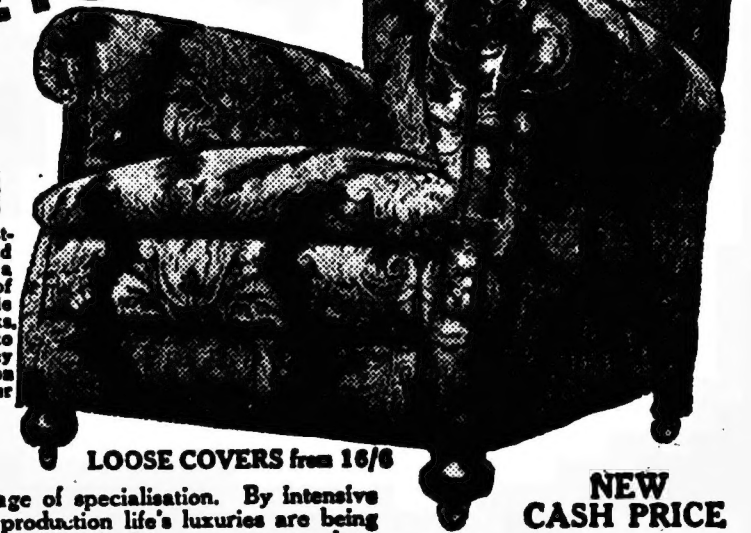
ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins. Catalogue free. — Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South St., London, E.C.2.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Cycles. Lists free. — Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbrough.

ACCORDIONS. Moore's Royal Standard and Triumph Models. Large selection. List on application. — Alfred Moore, Ltd., Manchester Road, Bradford.

DRESS.

BABY'S 75-Article Layette, 30/-. Robes, Gowns, Bobeslips, Nighties, Veils, Shawls, Mattings, Costa Barras, Towels, Napkins, etc. Home-made. Genuine Bargain. Send 2/6 post. — Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

THE FINEST CHAIR
VALUE POSSIBLE

LOOSE COVERS from 16/6

THIS is the age of specialisation. By intensive methods of production life's luxuries are being brought to a price level where everyone can buy.

The great Berkeley factories, with their wonderful resources for extensive and economical output, have brought the famous Berkeley Easy Chair within the reach of every home. It has won widespread popularity, not only for its beauty of design, strength, perfect springing, and faultless upholstery, but for its amazing low cost and convenient method of payment.

The Berkeley
(INCORPORATED)
H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.) 70-78, OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1.
Showrooms: 133, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1; The Arcade, High Street, Croydon; and 16, The Parade, Watford.

WALLPAPERS, from mills, from 24d. roll. New designs. Get patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 6), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

ARMY Clothing, Oddments for Mechanics, Boots 5/1. Shirts 2/3, trousers 4/11, breeches 5/6, etc. cat. 200 Burs. — Nuttall, 1, Goodmayes, London.

BUY a Harrison Knitting Machine, and earn a good living. WRITE TO US BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE: IT WILL PAY YOU. Terms on application. — Knitter Works, 97, Upper Brook Street, Manchester.

NAVY MEN. — We specialise in first-class requisites and wools of all colours for the making of wool rugs. Special terms. Patterns and instructions free. — Estd. 1796. — John Smith and Co. (Wools), Ltd., Dept. B.N.160, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

WALLPAPERS. Best value ever offered. Patterns from 24d. roll post free. — Cook Bros. (J.), 2, Barton Street, DARLINGTON.

TENNIS. — A 30/- Super Sports Model Racket for 5/- down. The Muller "Vitty" advertised in "The Mail Order Market" on page 4, will give you tennis more "life" and your friends will admire your "Vitty." Why not read the offer now? This is only one of this week's tempting bargains. Make a point of studying "The Mail Order Market" week by week.

MARKETING BY POST.

ARE you not rested in spots that do not itch or drip? If your dealer does not stock "Cube" Teapots, write for coloured Art Catalogue. — CUBE TEAPOTS, LTD., 1, ELSTON.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

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STAMPS, 20 Different French Colonies, free with approval sheets. 50 varieties, 1/- — "Stamps," 24, Barking Road, London, E.6.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one. — TRIMMELL, The Herbist, 144, Blenheim Rd., Cardiff, Est 1879.

"GENTLEMEN" Lady's Next Gift, box Silk Lingerie, Garters, Hosiery, Ill. List etc. Dorothy Hester, 82, Up. Milton Rd., Gillingham, Kent.

VICE AT A PREMIUM! Read the outspoken article on the demand for depraved plays in this week's "HEALTH & STRENGTH." 3d. all new items, or 4d. post free from J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

SMOKE A PIPE? Throw away yours and get a "PANDORA," the new hygienic pipe, scientifically designed for cleaning, making it the healthiest pipe obtainable. This new invention for smokers is fully described in the advt. on page 4. See that YOU read about the "PANDORA."

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Can It Last?

M.P.s met again this week, wondering whether the Government can finish the session without either an upset or a thorough overhaul.

Our Tired Premier.

Though not a sick man, Baldwin shows every sign of being sick of his job. Small wonder!

In the Cart.

The Government thought the country would like to settle down comfortably in a rut. The rut is getting bumpier and bumpier. Baldwin can't pull the cart out of it, but there's no indication yet of anyone else who could.

Austen, K.G.

Sir Austen Chamberlain is the one prominent Minister who has increased his prestige and still enjoys general respect. His luck is that as Foreign Secretary he has been out of the broils of home politics.

The Harder Test.

Abroad Sir Austen has striven for the good will and "the fair deal" which, at home, Baldwin preached but unfortunately has not practised.

This Old Country.

The last census analysis shows that the people of England and Wales on the average live four and a half years longer than in 1881. If only age brought wisdom!

Friendliness.

Because an old dispute between Switzerland and Russia has been settled by Switzerland expressing regret, Russian collaboration in the coming disarmament conference is considered possible. The spirit of peace is catching.

Our Prophecy True.

The coincidence of Mr. MacDonald's American holiday with the I.L.P. conference at Leicester is not without significance. It is many months since we said that his leadership was in question. He knows it; and this year's squabble proves it.

Mixed Grill.

Mr. Henderson's vigorous defence of his old comrade has silenced the malcontents, but only for a time. Next time the storm breaks there'll be real damage done.

Census Shocks.

The census returns make bad reading. The proportion of population living under overcrowding of more than two to a room has increased. That, in itself, damns the statement that house shortage has been met.

Face Facts.

Between the ages of thirty and thirty-five there are 1,470 unmarried females for every 1,000 unmarried males. And that is only one of the things that war does for us.

Deceptive.

The absence of noise over the Trade Union Bill is merely the calm before the storm. Underneath all the elements are seething. The Government will feel the force at the General Election if not before.

Outspoken Truth.

Many of Mr. Baldwin's own supporters are against the Bill as provocative of endless confusion and mischief. It makes no distinction whatever between strikes after due notice and strikes in breach of contract, and that, in itself, spells trouble.

The New Spirit.

Both the French and British Governments are still trying their hardest to promote peace between Rome and Belgrade, and so prevent a fresh outburst. As a change from the spirit of 1914, when every nation was doing its damndest to make trouble, it is significant.

Alarm Justified.

"A veritable hell" is how the M.P. for Rhondda describes his constituency. The raiding of the road fund has "downed" relief schemes and 13,000 unemployed miners are left without hope. Even "hell" isn't a strong enough word for a situation like that.

Starvation Rates.

Men with wives and families are fighting shy of agricultural work, and in some districts farmers are trying to get men out of the workhouse in order to carry on. The explanation is simple. Even land lovers can't live on money insufficient to keep body and soul together.

The Elusive Apple.

"Golden Pippins" at eighteenpence a pound are well named. Modern profiteers have turned the old saying of "eating money" into an everyday truth. Only kiddies wise enough to have rich parents can ever touch such fruit.

A Fair "Cop."

Recently fifteen game-cocks and a ring-side of would-be spectators of cockfighting were scattered at Lough Neagh. The vigilance of the police who prevented this cruel and despicable "sport" is commendable.

Vigilance Needed.

Cockfighting is by no means put down in this country. Birds are secretly trained, and matches staged in inaccessible parts of the Cumberland hills. A word to the wise is sufficient. The authorities must get busy.

Your
Last
Chance!

NOW OR NEVER!

The last 100 "Bullets"
Gifts are waiting to be won
this week. Don't be too late!
See page 35.

"Economy."

When Mr. Churchill talks economy he fails to mention that the expedition to China is costing us a million a week. And still there are people who fail to see the value of spending to preserve international peace!

Twopence Coloured.

Recently the Meadow Dairy Company at Salford was fined £20 for selling "jam" composed of sugar, water, syrup, glucose, and aniline dyes! Apparently, poisoning by indirect means is not criminal, or imprisonment would have been added.

Maybe It Would Help.

Miss Iris Cummins has been appointed as surveyor on the outdoor staff of the Irish Land Commission, the first time a woman has been given such a job. If a few got on the track of the land system it might make a difference.

Boosting the Wind.

The Ministry of Labour boasts the lowest cost of living figures for ten years. Fuel, light, some kinds of food and clothing are cheaper. Things needed in cold weather, and things that won't keep, fall in price naturally!

Bit by Bit.

A halfpenny on the ounce of tobacco will be cheerfully paid, say Budget optimists. H'm, perhaps. But a penny here and a penny there, makes at last a burden that no man can bear.

The Bitter Truth.

Heavy taxation, as Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out years ago, increases the evil of under-consumption. A nation stinted in food and necessities is on the royal road to ruin.

What Teachers Think.

The National Union of Teachers rightly describe the question of school-leaving age as a human and social one. To throw every year half a million young people on to a labour market already overstocked by more than a million workers is suicidal.

Belfast Looks Up.

Many more men this summer will find work in Belfast shipyards. Empty cupboards will fill in many a little home, and small feet be covered instead of running shoeless.

More Coal Going.

Exports of coal from South Wales are increasing, but there's leeway yet to be made up. Nothing but thorough reorganisation will ever bring back complete prosperity.

After the Day's Toil.

Easington, Durham, in opening a further group of cottages for aged miners, leads the country in provision of these refuges. A labourer is worthy of his hire, worthy also of sunshine for his declining years.

Straight Talk.

Masters of hounds, says Mr. W. Lloyd Pierce, house their dogs in buildings far superior to those in which schoolmasters often work. The remedy is in the hands of the parents. They have votes.

On the Scrap-heap.

Starvation faces 16,000 people with the closing of Pembroke Docks. We constantly urged the Government to provide alternative work. Why wasn't it done?

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL**The Quiet Man.**

A boy saved from drowning at Aylestone, Leicester, is the fourth child to have been rescued there by a man who has not revealed his identity. He prefers to keep his good deeds dark. Whoever he is, he is a very modest gentleman, who believes that heroism is its own reward.

Determination.

Picked up unconscious after a 40-ft. fall from a scaffold, Walter Newman, of Fulham, on recovering, refused to be taken to hospital, and shortly after went on with his work. This is the kind of man who, having such control of his body, is bound in more senses than one to go upwards.

A Good Idea.

"Nowhere to go" is a forlorn state that Bishop Frodsham, vicar of Halifax, is trying to abolish. A permanent house has been secured in the district, to which police can take destitute girls at any hour of the day or night. We welcome the idea, which, if carried out in the right spirit, turns a commonplace building into a sanctuary.

t Last!

The British Legion is embarking on a scheme for erecting houses in various parts of the country to be occupied by disabled and aged ex-Service men, and let to them at very low rentals. We are thankful that at last something is being done to remove the stigma of the country's unwillingness to help her war-worn men.

Empty Houses.

That along Merseyside people are enduring home conditions that almost make one's flesh creep whilst about 1,000 better homes are standing empty and for sale, constitutes a tragedy problem Liverpool must solve. Human needs being more important than pocket interests, if the Corporation can do nothing the Ministry of Health must act.

Men and Horses.

Veterinary Inspector McIntosh says there has been a wonderful improvement in the London horses during the last ten years, both in care and cleanliness, as well as stamina and efficiency. Straws show which way the wind blows: we look on this as one of the signs that consideration shown to all living creatures is on the up grade.

Resourceful Kiddie.

A boy such as the son of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Miskin, who at five years has the pluck and knowledge to pull his baby sister out of a boiler of hot water into which she has fallen, is the likely father of the right type of man. Though sympathising with the loss of their little girl, we hope that the parents will do their very best for the lad who shows such promise.

Reply. Please.

If the Chertsey arterial road is continued it will be necessary to demolish more than a hundred houses. We hope that the Surrey County Council and the responsible Ministry when appealed to will undertake the rehousing of the occupants of the premises. It is useless to make transport easier at the expense of those who have only the street to which to go.

Not their Job.

When his charabanc got on fire on the moors, George Durrans informed the Huddersfield Fire Brigade. Unfortunately he was in the Halifax area, so the Huddersfield Brigade didn't turn out. Durrans did what he could with his extinguisher, but there was no water available. We think it disgraceful that firemen should be told to say "No" to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

No Father.

As if it were not bad enough to be consumptive, Thomas Mahoney, of Merthyr, has the additional misfortune of having a father who did not hesitate to throw half a brick at his face, as well as thrashing him on occasion and beating him with a frying-pan. Such cruelty is being met with a month's hard labour, during which we can only hope he will resolve never to augment with blows the heavy handicap under which his boy is already labouring.

Mayors as Marriage-brokers.

Mayors in some British towns are once more being pestered by men abroad, who write saying they want "wives." The letters are tributes to the high qualities of Britain's splendid girls, but obviously there are possible dangers ahead for those who respond to men about whom they know nothing. Mayors who assist the "wife-hunters" shoulder a serious responsibility.

A Little Hero.

Two little ones, aged only four months and two years respectively, were asleep in their cots over a fried-fish shop in Plough Road, Clapham, when a fire broke out. Their brother, Louis Lewis, aged thirteen, was the first to run through dense smoke to the baby, whom he rescued. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, who had only just left home, have every reason to be proud of their son who showed such promptitude and resource.

Scandalous Delay.

Thirteen years ago Rotherham's health authority condemned many houses in its district as unfit for human beings to live in. Ample time has been allowed for something to be done, yet 500 men, women and bairns have to exist in the houses because other homes are not available. Delay in such circumstances is a scandal, and leaves its effect on health, morality and character.

One Law for All.

Mr. Bingley, in fining Edgar James Gow, taxi-cab driver of Tottenham, 40s. with three guineas costs, said that he would have sent him to prison had it not been that rich men similarly convicted of drunkenness while in charge of a car habitually had their sentences altered at the sessions. No doubt the magistrate was right in reducing Gow's punishment to its lowest terms. All the same, we think that if a man, rich or poor, really deserved to go to prison, he should have to go without further question.

The Human Machine**Never Say Die!**

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IT doesn't always do to accept blindly another person's estimate of your abilities. Nor does it always pay to believe another person's opinion as to your value. It always pays to listen to advice and to consider opinions—but don't follow blindly. Keep your mind and your eyes open.

There has never been a more popular detective than Sherlock Holmes—yet his early adventures only found a publisher with the utmost difficulty.

Who has not read "King Solomon's Mines"? Yet not a publisher would look at it for a long time and had Rider Haggard believed their estimate of his abilities he would have given up story-writing in disgust.

"Abie's Irish Rose," a play that has run for five years on Broadway, that is still running, and that has now come to England, as well as having been sold to the screen, was laughed to scorn by every theatrical manager in New York.

Not one would look at it, but the authoress believed in it and in herself, and produced it herself. She has made a fortune out of her faith.

AND how many people realise that "Tipperary" was rejected by every music publisher in London until, finally one man had the wit to recognise a "winner."

Supposing all these people I have mentioned had gone into the depths of despair! How much poorer they—and the world—would have been!

Since your belief in yourself is just as likely to be right as another person's disbelief, you might just as well go on believing, mightn't you?

Topical Rogue.

A rascal who moves with the times has robbed many poor people with sons in the Army. The impostor's trick is to call on a parent and tell him the regiment in which his son is serving has been ordered to China and the son wants some money to go home on short leave. Any reader on whom the trick is tried should inform the police.

Observant Girl.

By keeping her eyes open and her wits about her, a girl prevented a robbery at Eastbourne. She saw a man climb the rainpipe of a house, told the servants and a telephone message was sent to the police. The result was that though the man was not found, nothing else in the house was missing. This is a type of young woman we like to see.

In the Night Watches.

In an old barn at Royton, at a late hour, and with the door locked, Ernest Robbins, a Lees butcher, and his assistant, James Buxton, were dealing with the tuberculous carcass of a cow, preparing "to sell it to pig chaps," 'twas said. In such ways disease is passed on until it reaches humans. The fines the pair had to pay amounted to more than £90. They deserved to be hurt.

Rent Collecting.

We do not agree with the Walsall Councillors who contend that it is flourishing a big stick at the tenants of the council houses if managers are appointed for collecting rents. The council maintain that they are £3,000 in arrears on 1,000 houses by its former slipshod methods. Provided the collectors have a pleasing personality, rents are much more likely to be forthcoming, and with more satisfaction to the tenant, if called for.

Determined to Succeed.

David John Williams, of Ynshir, knows how to make the most of his opportunities. In 1921 he was a young miner employed on night shifts. After five years of work at the Cardiff Technical College he has become assistant to the Glamorgan county architect, a post he still holds. It must have taken grit to keep going night and day at different work. No one nowadays is debarred from "getting on" if he has a mind to.

A Cat's paw.

We entirely agree with Judge Burges who took exception at Sandbach to an application for judgment summonses against two girls under seventeen who had been urged to buy boots at the door, and whose mothers, it was stated, were held responsible, though the boots were placed in the girls' names. He is right to look with disfavour on this class of business which comes remarkably near to swindling.

Miner's Grit.

Though buried beneath tons of rock, with his arm broken, Thomas Oats, a Cornish miner, from Saturday morning, when the accident occurred, to Sunday night, when his body was extricated, never complained, but on occasion talked cheerily to those who were trying to rescue him. It is this courage that lives on in the memory and inspires others who are called upon, as he was, to sustain an accidental death to make it also heroic.

Murder's Tools.

Examples of the weapons that destroyed thousands of Britain's best in the great tragedy can, unfortunately, still be seen in prominent places in many districts, although they serve no other purpose than that of reviving sad memories. At Hesse it has been decided to clear two German field-guns. If no one will give more than 10s. for the metal the guns may be thrown into the village pond, as an example to other districts.

Her Worst Offence.

Young in years and old in wickedness is Dora Rigley, now in prison for six months for stealing £375 from her employer, Laurie Cohen, of Maida Vale. Dora has already served a sentence of eight months for larceny and bigamy. The worst crime of all is that she is, at twenty-three, the mother of two children and expecting a third. Yet we still muddle along, refusing to teach the young plainly and sanely the facts of sex hygiene.

Hypocrisy Unmasked.

Harry Clarke, a Brighton clerk, is not only a rascal, but an unmitigated hypocrite. Entering a church for a Good Friday service, he stole the wallet of a woman worshipper, and actually prayed with her for its recovery and offered her a loan of £1. Six months' hard labour may enable him to realise the peculiar atrocity of his crime.

Right Food.

During the coal stoppage last year, Mansfield (Notts) Education Committee supplied nearly 72,000 meals to school children. Dr. Wilson, medical officer of health, said that the children's health improved by plain, nutritious meals and deprecated the money spent in normal times on sweets and cakes that have no nourishing powers. Parents who have cause to be grateful to the committee might take a leaf out of its book.

Diddling Mother.

Percy John Edward Richards, a Cardiff man, hit on the idea of swindling mothers by collecting a shilling a time from them for a "bonnie baby" competition at Nuneaton, with his brother Edward as assistant. The two tricked two hundred mothers, but Nemesis in the shape of six months' imprisonment for Percy and a £5 fine for his brother has overtaken them. Percy will now have time to realise that a mean fraud as this isn't worth while.

Poison Tongues.

Never have the cruelties of slander been more poignantly illustrated than when an inquest at Nottingham was held on the body of Bernard Frith, a cycle polisher. Married for the second time only a few days, Frith was unable to withstand the unwarranted statements made by neighbours and poisoned himself. "Temporary insanity," possibly, but the real insanity, and not of the temporary sort, is in the minds of scandal-mongers who set unkind rumours about.

Call of the Blood.

Though the Lord Chief Justice was convinced that Doris Ivy Knighton was testifying that which she knew to be untrue, those who weigh her motive in the scales of charity will readily excuse her. She was trying to save the life of her brother, William, an Ilkeston miner, who had been condemned to death for murdering their mother. After all, the one could never be brought back, but the other yet remained. She lied for his sake only. Let us leave it at that.

The Dread Disease.

Remarks made by Dr. Guthrie, who held an enquiry into the death of John Hayes, of Dolphin Lane, Poplar, who committed suicide by gas poisoning because he "feared cancer," are worth repeating. Many people hold this fear until it becomes a dangerous obsession. The theory that cancer is hereditary is not supported by medical evidence. Clean living and healthy thought are the roads to sound health. The quick way to illness and death is to live carelessly and live in dread.

More Houses!

Since the war the Cambridge Town Council has built nearly 800 houses at the moderate rent of 8s. 3d. a week. Not satisfied with this, the Cambridge Housing Society is erecting twenty-two houses, with three bedrooms and gas and electric light laid on, at a rental of 5s. 6d., or at an "all in" cost of £490. These are designed to be occupied by families now living under crowded conditions and unable to pay 8s. 3d. We wish every success to this interesting experiment.

Humanity in Court.

"Is there anyone in court willing to take £50 for losing a piece of finger?" asked Judge Clier at Shoreditch when Mrs. Dent, on behalf of her son, brought a compensation claim against L. Wilkinson, of Eagle Panel Wharf, his employer. The lad had lost at his work the second joint of his middle finger and his mother claimed £100, which Wilkinson offered to settle for £50. Both, in the opinion of the judge, were below the mark. He suggested that if their own fingers had been in question the price would have been higher. That is our opinion also.

The Cruel Blow.

Bruised, nervous and weak from shock is the pitiful condition of James Alfred Tucker's thirteen-year-old daughter, and all because he thought it a father's duty to beat her when the girl went to places and made friends contrary to his wishes. We wish that there were better means than the four months' imprisonment Tucker is to undergo of waking him up to the fact of the terrible and irremediable harm he has done to a helpless girl, whom it should have been his special privilege to protect.

Workless and Hopeless.

Seventeen hundred miners in Mardy and Fern-dale who were employed before the coal strike will never again secure employment in the pits. It is requested that these should be absorbed in road schemes. At the same time, the chairman of the Glamorgan Main Roads and Bridges Committee states that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's raid on the Road Fund will have an effect on schemes of that nature. It would be well if Mr. Churchill had remembered the doors he was shutting to employment before appropriating the fund.

New Crime.

A very extraordinary case was heard at Lambeth when Dennis Cronin, a milk roundsman, pleaded guilty to taking milk out of bottles left on doorsteps by R. Igigs and Sons, Ltd., and substituting other milk instead. Analysis showed that the milk taken was of rich quality, while that substituted barely reached "standard." What strikes the disinterested observer is not the fact of the fraud nor that the man was fined for it. What matters is the variation in milk qualities. There should only be one class of milk—the purest and best.

In Hunger's Grip.

"I think the fact that he was hungry had a great deal to do with the present offence," remarked a just police officer at the trial of William Johnson, sixty-three, a dealer, who was charged with purse-snatching in Commercial Street, E. The man is well known to the force, having been convicted on twenty-four previous occasions, and the Old Street magistrate sent him to prison for six months. Robbery cannot be defended, especially when the victim is likely to be little better off than the thief, but neither is it possible to excuse hunger in a civilised land. Even sinners have the right to eat.

Catch from Canada.

The Ada Travel Service, of 311, University Street, Montreal, Canada, is anxious to assist would-be emigrants to the United States. Its charge is £1 11s., but applicants are also given ten enrolment certificates entitling to the service at a price of £1 1s., which they are asked to sell at 10s. each, giving the "agent" a handsome profit and the privilege of service. Our readers should take care not to be hit by this latest snowball from Canada.

Goodfellow's Bad Methods.

"Can nice family receive young lady for several months as paying guest. Young society and near tennis if possible; offers 3½ gns. a week.—Goodfellow, 58, Northend, Croydon." A Nuneaton reader who answered the above advertisement received a reply from Goodfellows, house, estate and publicity agents, of Croydon, offering registration on their books at 21s. for twelve months, 15s. for six months and 12s. 6d. for three months, which must be paid before any business is done. We cannot commend Goodfellows on their bad and misleading advertising methods.

"John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift

The most practical and beneficial in the world
See page 2

Problems of Life**The Habit of Hate**

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MANY people seem to go through life with hearts full of hate.

Their first impulse on finding themselves in new company is to express dislike of this person or that, to pass malicious comments on the appearance and behaviour of the passers-by, or to repeat poisonous gossip and rumour to the detriment of any whose names they may happen to know.



Mr. H. G. Wells

I listened, though not for long, to the conversation of a group of these harpies in an hotel lounge last week.

There were two men and three women, and they were having a busy time—the men as much as the women—tearing reputations to shreds, sneering at the peculiarities of their fellow-visitors, and telling one another with lowered voices what scandal they had managed to glean about two or three couples who excited their vile curiosity.

NOT one single gracious word did I hear from their lips during the quarter of an hour or so that I sat within earshot, and when I rose and walked away I knew quite well that my turn to be stabled in the back had come.

What unenviable dispositions! I wish there were not so many of them.

They are charged with hate; they do not need to know a person in order to hate him.

But even this unlovely trait is less reprehensible than the habitual unkindness that displays itself in many home circles.

People who are uniformly polite and attractive to strangers are the very reverse to their own kindred. By some strange twist of Nature they begin to hate as soon as they become intimate with anyone.

They show their worst side to their best friends. What is most familiar to them is what they find most irritating.

H. G. Wells, in one of his books, speaks of clashing temperaments in a household as being like the snarling and biting of beasts in little pits. It is a pungent expression and descriptively accurate.

IT is not that the members of a family who behave in this way towards one another are really bad hearted. Generally they are not. The cause of the evil is that they cease to be vigilant and to preserve the forbearance and self-control in their domestic relationships that custom requires of them with strangers.

Yet it is a plain, undeniable fact that we are happiest when kindest. No hate-filled heart can be truly happy. None can be utterly wretched who loves well and is loved in return.

Make people glad to see you, to hear the sound of your footstep at the door, and you have found an antidote to most of the ills of life.

By SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

That they have no guarantee at all that Mr. Clare will not introduce them

Mr. Clare adds that "members wishing to always take the initiative can be supplied with farther lists, similar to enclosed, at 1s. 6d. each."

Not only that, his methods are a danger to the community, and he ought to be ashamed to earn a living in this most questionable manner.

A Yankee Stunt

We do not see how the treatment offered by the Opticulture Institute, based as it is on assumptions with regard to the functions of the eye muscles which have been queried by the highest authorities, can possibly fulfill the claims made by the proprietors.

A HEARTLESS ADVENTURESS

OLD BAILEY DOORSTEP SWINDLE

"Mrs. Prior" Was There Before!

AFTER many years' persistent hammering at the bogus company scandal by JOHN BULL, Parliament has at long last introduced legislation calculated to clip the wings of the bucket-shop operator. There is prevalent, however, another fraud which we are equally determined to have stamped out. We refer to the "employment-with-investment swindle."

Tens of thousands of pounds a year are paid for partnerships in businesses that do not exist.

We have made exhaustive enquiries into this subject and a disquieting feature is that, according to official records, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the culprits got clear away with their spoils.

There is no law to stop the publishing of these employment-cum-investment advertisements, and the police have no power to prosecute, although they may have ample evidence of the criminal tendencies of the person advertising, unless a private individual who has been victimised will finance the prosecution.

Scotland Yard records bear the names of hundreds of these employment tricksters who have escaped the just consequences of their crimes.

All comers served

The usual method employed is well illustrated by the exclusive story of a woman who, operating under a number of names from a variety of addresses, has left ruin and misery in her train.

She became associated with a man named Prior, who opened an office in Villiers Street, Charing Cross, as Prior and Co. The firm purported to be an old-established

concern trading as partnership experts and estate-agents.

Prior advertised for partners, who in return for an investment of £200 were given salaried positions in the Villiers Street office and became entitled to a third share of the profits.

The disposal of a third share of the business was by no means limited to three applicants. Prior gave no priority and all comers were sold a third share.

Female spider

During these transactions there was in the office a charming little business lady who passed as Prior's wife. She lent an air of respectability to the transactions, but was in reality a female spider well versed in the spinning of unpleasant webs.

When the climate in Villiers Street became too sultry for Prior he disappeared, leaving his "partners" to clear up the muddle as they pleased.

Another "business" he ran was called Prior and Johnson in Bedford Street, Strand. Johnson was one of the victims, and again partners were advertised for, again "Mrs. Prior" gave a dainty feminine touch to a drab office, again the investments were garnered in, and again the choice couple did the vanishing trick.

Shortly after this, Prior came into the hands of the police for a totally different kind of offence and vanished even more effectively for a month or two, leaving the charming "Mrs. Prior," who had become accustomed to champagne dinners and other little luxuries while in the investment business, to her own devices.

In reality, "Mrs. Prior" was the lawful wife of a poor but honest

labourer, whom she deserted as he could not provide her with the luxuries she desired to obtain at whatever cost.

After Prior had gone to jail she opened negotiations for the purchase of certain property. That she had no means mattered little. She advertised for a "manager," offering alluring prospects in return for an investment of £200.

Having hooked a victim, she paid a small amount to an estate-agent as deposit on the property and pocketed the rest. She then proceeded to advertise for more managers.

From estate-agent to estate-agent she went, paying small deposits on various properties and drawing funds from fresh investors.

Cool methods

Altogether, generally in sums of £200, she had netted £3,000 at least when Scotland Yard got on her track in consequence of complaints from managers who had been given jobs at Norwood, Selhurst, Chelmsford and other places, and who found they had nothing to manage.

One dupe was placed in a house to which the lady had no right and was thrown out by the landlord.

She was arrested last September and appeared at the Old Bailey, where she pleaded that it was all a mistake, that she would make restitution, and asked for an adjournment, which was granted.

This should never have been allowed, as the least enquiry would have shown that her banking account was then overdrawn.

During the adjournment JOHN BULL received information that a "Mrs. Gardiner" was acquiring pro-



Sir Sydney Chapman, K.C.B., C.B.E., Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade, who should suggest legislation to stamp out such cruel swindles

perty from estate-agents and advertising for managers from whom she was obtaining sums as investments of from £200 to £100.

We found that Mrs. Gardiner was "Mrs. Prior," but were then unable to say so as the case was still pending.

By this method of robbing Peter, Mrs. Hes, alias Prior, alias Gardiner, hoped to pay Paul. Luckily the police prevailed upon some of the victims—who were rooked during the adjournment—to prosecute and she has been sent to jail.

A nice gang

Prior has been associated with this enterprising but heartless woman in several other swindles, in which have also been concerned other "employment" rogues well known to the police.

It would be simple to pass a law preventing any Tom, Dick or Harry from advertising from a mushroom office an "old-established" business and asking for money without producing properly audited books and transacting business on an agreement supervised by a solicitor.

DON'T BITE THIS!

MERRICK LITTLE BY LITTLE

DURING the last few years many limited liability companies, which failed to bring their shareholders the dividends they were led to anticipate, have often been "re-organized" or "re-constructed" in a manner which has only led the investors to throw good money after bad.

A number of circulars telling how to make a fortune with celerity have recently been sent out by Messrs. Charles Merrick, Son and Company, with offices at Finsbury Square, London.

One-man company

This concern is not, as its name would suggest, a combination of a number of persons, but is the name covering the identity of one person, Charles Merrick.

In this recent outburst, Mr. Merrick states that he is a shareholder of long standing in a company called the New Grosny Oilfields, Limited.

He is desirous of raising funds to enable this company to proceed with certain negotiations which will enable them to open out new oilfields in "other parts of Europe," which should result in a golden harvest for the investors.

Poor prospects

Mr. Merrick is evidently a super-optimist, as the history of this company gives no promise of a return at all.

It is the dullest of the dud, and the shares are hardly worth the paper on which they are written.

For years they have been hawked about by an unscrupulous share pedlar named Aspinall, who until recently had an office in Shaftesbury Avenue.

Aspinall's story of his connection with the company, which he was recently compelled to unfold to the Registrar in Bankruptcy, will give pause to those who are thinking of sending money to Merrick.

According to that statement, the New Grosny Oilfield originally belonged to a British company but was seized by the Russian Government, so that its assets are nil.

Aspinall obtained an option on the shares of the company, apparently for £3,000, and formed a pool to which over a considerable period of time he obtained subscriptions amounting to £15,515.

Risky game

Although he had obtained this amount the option was never exercised.

The money was apparently spent as it came in, and the subscribers never received any shares—had they done so their value would have been nil.

The New Grosny Oilfields has never done anything to earn money for its shareholders, and the offer of Charles Merrick should be ignored until he can give tangible proof that entrusting him with more funds for this concern

will not be throwing good money after bad.

Merrick is concentrating in his circular campaign for the most part upon people already holding shares, who would do well to rest content with the loss they have already sustained.

A bad exchange

W. Howard, operating as Montgomery and Co., of Kingsway, is also engaged in unloading worthless stock in the Compagnie Internationale des Petroles, Société Anonyme, Brussels, his method being to send out plausible agents who persuade victims to part with stock in established companies in exchange for worthless scrip.

In this way Mrs. C. Smith, of Southsea, was persuaded to part with a number of shares in Odhams Press, Ltd., the owners of JOHN BULL, and other companies.

Investors should make full enquiry before parting with money or shares to stock-hawkers.

THE TRAGIC TRAMP

GRIT FROM GREYNA

A Family of Whittingtons

THE plight of those in search of employment is most pitiable. What are we to think when a man and his family tramp 365 miles and at the end of it are homeless and penniless?

THE plight of ex-soldiers unable to obtain civilian employment to keep themselves and their families is nothing short of a national disgrace.

The latest example is furnished by Edward Ashworth, an ex-Canadian soldier, who is stranded with his wife and five young children. At the time of writing, Ashworth is being sheltered by that excellent institution, the Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road.

Edward Ashworth is a Canadian citizen, and prior to the outbreak of war was engaged in farm work in Canada. He joined the 105th Canadian Expeditionary Force at Cambelford, Ontario, on March 17, 1916, and was eventually demobilised at Fredericton, N.B., on March 10, 1919.

Striking a bad patch

While in the Army, Ashworth was for a time stationed at Carlisle, and there got married on March 13, 1917. On discharge, with his wife and child, he proceeded to Montreal.

While there, news came that the wife's mother was lying seriously ill in England, and Mrs. Ashworth departed from Canada to see her. Ashworth followed them to England a month later, joining them at Carlisle.

Unfortunately, Ashworth found that work was very difficult to obtain. He managed to secure several temporary jobs in Scotland which kept his head above water for a time.

During the present year, however, he has struck a very bad patch.

Until recently Ashworth was living at Kirkpatrick Fleming, near Greytna. Prior to that he had found accommodation in an ex-Army hut in the old military encampment at Greytna, but had been forced to move when these were demolished.

On March 1 last, he again received notice to quit the house he was then occupying.

Out of work, with no unemployment pay, his lot was made all the harder by the fact that his family responsibilities were now very considerably greater. He had now five children, one boy and four girls, aged respectively eight, six, five, three and fourteen months.

The long, long trail

Ashworth and his wife decided to strike the long and weary trail to London. They commenced the long trek from Kirkpatrick on March 3. Ashworth and his family took shelter in a partially built house.

For the "offence" of finding shelter for his unfortunate family, Ashworth came into conflict with the police.

The court dismissed the vagrancy charge on condition that the dismal family procession got over the border into England.

Ashworth's worldly possessions then consisted of the sum of eighteenpence. That day they walked to Longtown,

Cumberland, and spent the night in the workhouse. The following morning, Sunday, they got a lift on a truck to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they again slept in the workhouse.

In the morning they proceeded to the Church mission, where they were provided with dinner, and the matron gave Mrs. Ashworth a perambulator for the two babies.

They then set out for Chester-le-Street, and fell in with a good Samaritan in the person of an Air Force officer, who gave Mrs. Ashworth 10s. to help them on their way.

A halt of three days was made at Chester-le-Street. On the following Monday the walk was continued to Rill, where accommodation for the night was secured for 1s.

The following day Darlington was reached, where officials of the British Legion provided the railway fare to Ripon, and then they walked to Leeds.

At Leeds a hard-working postman, who was a sergeant in the Boer War, provided dinner and tea, and put them up for the night.

Practical help needed

The next landmark on the journey was Leicester, where a poor woman furnished a room and breakfast for 1s. 6d. From Leicester a kindly driver of a steam wagon gave the Ashworths a lift to Rugby.

On leaving the workhouse the party did a toilsome tramp of fifteen miles, and then rested in a barn at a farm near Bedford. On they went from Bedford to Cambridge, where an old lady gave them shelter.

From Cambridge they were given a lift by a contractor to Ongar, where a woman refused to accept more than 3s. for lodging the seven of them.

Onward the journey went to Epping, where shelter was secured for three days in a labourer's cottage.

The next stage was to London, and now Ashworth is anxious to return to Canada, where prospects, he believes, are brighter. He and his wife and little ones tramped a total distance of 365 miles.

The case has been taken up by Miss Jones, of the American Relief Society, and it is hoped to assist the family in some practical way. Ashworth, if he can secure a passage for his wife and kiddies, is himself quite prepared to work his passage back.

It should be somebody's duty to see that old soldiers are not reduced to such a state of distress, but apparently after a man has done his bit the scrap-heap is his reward. Cases as this are a blot on the Empire's good name.



Mr. Edward Ashworth

THE SCUM DUMP

A CONTINENTAL RAT GANG

Amazing Official Laxity

BRITAIN is a free country, and we are proud of it. But there is a limit, and when freedom is abused by foreign aliens, effective steps must be taken to make their entry more difficult.

IT is rather an under-statement of fact to state that at the present moment there are hundreds of undesirable aliens in this country whose methods of earning a livelihood savour of the sewer and the cesspool.

We have made investigations into this question which prove conclusively that the Home Office is not by any means carrying out its duties efficiently in this matter.

The alien population of this country includes many who are not officially "known" to be here, and who, having been deported as undesirable, have found means to elude our Customs authorities.

To illustrate how easily this is done we cannot do better than tell the story, now exclusively published by JOHN BULL, of a Swiss subject who originally went by the name of Joseph Wuest.

A new name

Wuest came to this country some years ago from Switzerland, obtaining admission by the pretext that he had obtained employment as a waiter. Arrived here he became "Joseph Martin" and soon commenced figuring at various London police courts.

He first made their acquaintance at Marylebone, where he received an object-lesson in that peculiar sentimentality which marks much of our connection with outcasts.

Charged with theft he was bound over. Joseph the waiter had waited for his opportunity to rifle the pockets of guests. No order was made for deportation.

Joseph again attempted his get-rich-quick methods and was again charged with theft. This time he appeared at Marlborough Street and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment and recommended for deportation.

Wuest served his sentence and was duly deported. In the meantime the police had learned that, in addition to his thieving habits, Wuest was one of a gang of aliens who "protected," a number of unfortunate English women who perambulated the West End.

Month's grace

The departure of such an individual was a matter for satisfaction.

In this case the satisfaction was short-lived, for, despite his banishment, Wuest returned.

A month ago Wuest, extremely well dressed, was seen by a police officer wandering about in Kensington. He had not reported his arrival to the Aliens Department, and had no authority to be here.

This unexpected encounter led to the appearance of Wuest at Bow Street, where he was fined and given a month in which to leave the country! He is still here, and when his time limit has expired will doubtless take a bit of finding.

The most detestable feature of

these undesirable aliens is their association with women, of whom they constitute themselves protectors—at a terrible price.

Shocking discovery

In many cases English girls have been decoyed into marriage, only to find that they have to go into the streets and pay a big proportion of their earnings to their husbands.

There is at the present moment in Boulogne an English woman living a wretched life, who would give all she possessed to be allowed to return.

Some years ago when only nineteen, and living in England, she met a Spaniard named Canals in London. She married him and then found that he was the proprietor of a house of ill-fame in Soho, which we exposed last summer, as a result of which Canals was deported.

His wife, although English by birth, was Spanish by marriage, and was also deported. The Spanish authorities refused to receive her. She went to Boulogne, but the French authorities say she must leave their shores with the greatest possible expedition.

The English authorities, contending that she is a Spaniard, refuse to allow her to land here.

This woman's terrible plight should be a warning to all English girls. Working under the influence of Canals she was ten times convicted in London for soliciting, and was compelled to assist in procuring young girls for immoral purposes, in addition to being engaged in the drug traffic.

Her position is due to an alien cur who was only deported when JOHN BULL demanded it.

Happy hunting-ground

Another case taken at random is that of Augusta Boila, an Italian, who for some months has been running a disorderly house.

After a great deal of difficulty the police raided the place, and she has just been fined £50, but no recommendation was made for deportation.

A week or so ago a Russian named Samuel Slovenky was convicted for begging, but has not been deported in view of the uncertainty as to whether the Soviet would receive him.

Enoch Goffman, an Italian, ran a café in Gerrard Street, Soho, which was under police observation for a long time.

In order to obtain evidence a police officer had to disguise himself as a woman!

When Goffman was charged with permitting his premises to be used by women of bad character, he was fined £5 again with no order for deportation.

Thus the dirty-minded alien finds a happy hunting-ground on our shores. It is time the Home Secretary took some drastic action. He has these and hundreds of other similar cases on his records, but still does nothing.

The Angel Re-appears

Two Splendid Gifts

THERE is a kindly soul hidden somewhere among the teeming millions of London whose identity is unknown to us.

A year ago we introduced her as "The Angel of S.W.6." It will be recalled that, after the publication in JOHN BULL of two stories of real hardship, handsome gifts arrived on behalf of the victims.

The addresses were written in a woman's hand, but there was no clue to the identity of the sender, save the postmark, "S.W.6."

Again we have heard from this good woman. The postmark is different, "Kensington, W.8," but the handwriting has not changed any more than has the splendid spirit of this modest angel of kindness.

She has sent £50 each to two victims of unjust local administration whose cases were mentioned in our issue of April 16.

The first is that of John David Bourton, who was sentenced to one month's hard labour by the Abercarn, Mon., magistrates.

The second case refers to Corporal Percy Kenneth Beck, D.C.M., who sunk his money in a barren holding at Compton Pitt Corner, near Winchester, under the Land Settlement Scheme, and whose holding has been sold over his head.

In helping these two to face the struggle anew, "The Angel of S.W.6" has set an example to certain persons in authority who badly need one.

Dyson the Diddler

BOGUS theatrical agencies still prove remunerative to the unscrupulous.

The latest exponent is William Dyson, who was formerly a comedian in pantomime. In February Dyson was introduced to a Croydon gentleman whom he persuaded to go into partnership in a theatrical agency.

An office was opened and printing matter put in hand. Dyson then departed on a "business" tour, visiting Nuneaton, Birmingham, Sheffield and other places. He kept writing to his partner declaring that he had got various bookings and asking for money.

The partner became suspicious and asked Dyson to return to London. The reply was a request for the fare to be wired. This was done on some three occasions, but Dyson never came back. He is still missing, and so is just over £7 forwarded by his partner.

The agency was never registered and the bookings Dyson professed he had obtained were fictitious.

Early this year Dyson was operating John Bright's Agency and Productions from Lillie Road, Fulham. This agency, also, was unregistered.

The Super-Cinema, East Ham, for which Dyson also claimed to act, also repudiates all knowledge of him.

We trust Dyson will soon be traced and some steps taken to prevent his preying on the members of a hard-worked profession.

A MARTYRED CURATE

CHURCH SOCIETY SCANDAL

Ecclesiasticism and Christianity

THE people of Mapperley, a parish in Nottingham, are grieved and angry because the Rev. George R. Hall, M.A., Curate-in-charge of St. Jude's Church, is leaving them.

Seven years ago Mr. Hall came to Mapperley, after serving as a Chaplain to the Forces.

During Mr. Hall's ministry he increased the congregation at his church from an average attendance of two hundred to five hundred, which is the most the church will hold.

Not only was the spiritual side of the church developed and consolidated, but a memorial chapel was built and furnished, a new choir vestry erected, and many additions made to the furnishings of the church, including the entire decoration of the sanctuary and chancel.

Success and disappointment

Last October Mr. Hall's mission was achieved, and the people of Mapperley looked forward to his induction as the first vicar of St. Jude's.

To their surprise and equally to his, another priest has been presented to the living by the Church Pastoral Aid Society, which has persisted in depriving Mr. Hall in face of overwhelming protests.

So strong was the feeling in Mapperley that within forty-eight hours a petition to the Bishop of Southwell was signed by over fifteen hundred people.

The Bishop came to London and personally presented this petition to

the Board of Patronage of the Church Pastoral Aid Society. The appeal was made in vain.

Originally, the trustees of St. Jude's were the vicar of St. Ann's, the Rev. M. J. G. King, and two maiden ladies named Wright.

About eighteen months ago the vicar of St. Ann's was presented to the living of St. Wilfrid's, Arley, and the post of chaplain to the Nottingham Mental Hospital at Mapperley which he held, and which carries with it a salary of £150 a year, became vacant.

Unfair rule

This post had always been held by the vicar of St. Ann's, and was regarded as one of the perquisites of that living. Mr. Hall, however, was appointed to be the new chaplain instead of Mr. King's successor.

Mr. King protested at the appointment, but Mr. Hall claimed that the hospital was within the area of the proposed new parish he was creating. Mr. King thereupon persuaded the Misses Wright to hand over the trusteeship of St. Jude's to the Church Pastoral Aid Society.

The society, apparently, has a rule which prohibits the preferment of a priest to a living in the parish where he has been a curate. The Misses Wright did not know this, and when they heard of it, joined the others in strong protest.

Another ecclesiastical law enacts that where the Church Pastoral Aid Society fails to make an appointment



The Rev. George R. Hall, M.A.

and a living in their gift is left vacant for six months, it reverts to the Bishop of the diocese.

Armed with this knowledge, the people of Mapperley hoped to keep the living vacant until May 9, when the time-limit would have expired.

They pointed out to three parsons in succession to whom the living was offered the injustice that was being done to Mr. Hall.

The first two very properly declined to be parties to turning Mr. Hall out, but the third accepted.

The Rev. George Hall has been offered and has accepted the benefice of Earls Heaton, Dewsbury, in the diocese of Wakefield.

Empty churches up and down the land cry the dismal failure of the Church. Here is a priest who has filled his church to overflowing, who is loved and respected by rich and poor, high and low, irrespective of creed or sect--and they cast him out.

TOO MUCH SECRECY

A BREEZE AT WELWYN

THE Welwyn Garden City Company has done a great deal for the development of that particular corner of Hertfordshire, but it has, of course, been done purely as a commercial proposition, and in the interests of the community it is essential that anything in the nature of supreme control of the destinies of the inhabitants should be vigorously repelled.

There has of late been a movement on foot to obtain urban powers for the city, replacing the present parish council with an urban council.

The growth of the district may make this desirable, but the suggestion that officials of the company should, purely by virtue of their positions, be appointed to more or less lucrative positions under the newly-formed council was one that neither the council nor the company should ever have allowed.

Objectionable proposal

Local and national government should be on a plane entirely above suspicion, and recently JOHN BULL exposed the scandal of members of local or national bodies being concerned with companies to whom the

authority on which they served gave contracts. The Welwyn proposal was just as objectionable.

Ministry's cold water

Briefly, the proposal was that the newly-formed urban council of Welwyn, instead of appointing its own officials, should share those of the Garden City Company.

The parish council was very badly advised to give the proposal a moment's consideration. They did so, however, and even appointed a sub-committee to sound the Ministry of Health as to what its attitude should be.

The Ministry at once threw cold water on the idea. In the case of the principal officers, at any rate, it was held that the provisions of the Public Health Act, 1875, raised difficulties.

The Ministry declared—

"It is manifest that any person inclined to be suspicious could readily criticise an arrangement of common officials for company and council, and the position of the council would be sounder if it had independent officials, despite the obvious advantages of a different arrangement."

"There is gain also for the company for they might be subjected to avoidable

criticism if the same officers act for company and council."

The negotiations with the Ministry were carried on in as secret a manner as possible, the sub-committee which carried them out was described as "unofficial," and every effort was made to keep the proceedings secret.

Secrecy, as a matter of fact, plays much too large a part in the public life of Welwyn.

Hush, hush!

The Welwyn Association is a society working presumably for the welfare of Welwyn Garden City in particular and the whole of the garden city movement in general. Publicity would, one would have thought, be one big means to this end.

The editor of a local paper, however, who has come into conflict with some of the Welwyn Garden City Company's officials, has been refused membership. He also has found difficulty in obtaining news of the Rotary Club, the Guild of Help and other local societies.

We leave our readers to form their own opinions of such a policy on what are supposed to be public concerns.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities,
Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I have never disguised the fact that I believe your Trade Union Bill to be a huge mistake, provocative of nothing but trouble of the gravest sort. That you should seriously suggest it to a candidate for election in the Scottish Universities by-election as an asset in his campaign strikes me as comic. The least said about this Bill, until it is drastically altered, the better.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir H. KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health.

DEAR SIR,—I agree that our standards of health must be raised, especially in the matter of food. But for the Ministry of Health to engage in "a great campaign" to ensure pure food, clean milk and the education of the public, while millions are still housed in a fashion in which the clean storage of food is an impossibility, is like insisting that bricks be made without straw.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir EDWARD POLLOCK, K.C.,
Late Official Referee.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—The grief in your face and the tears in your voice, as you said a final farewell to the court in which you have laboured for thirty years, did you credit, and the touching tributes of counsel were no more than your due. No fairer or more courteous judge ever graced the Bench, and you are certain to be sorely missed.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. RICHARD HOWELL,
Freeman of the City of London.

DEAR SIR,—Since it is the little things in life that really matter, I offer you my congratulations on having invented a water-tap warranted to eliminate waste. It has taken fourteen years of research to perfect this washerless article, which will last for ten years without repair or replacement. As one leaking tap can waste as much as 42,000 gallons of water in a year, your ingenious invention is not such a little thing after all.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. S. ERNEST SAMUEL,
Women's Section, Hackney Con. and Unionist Assoc.

DEAR MADAM,—Your reminder to the Government of a potent cause of food infection is very timely. Fish, bread, meat and vegetables are passed by shopkeepers to consumers wrapped in old newspapers, with no guarantee that it has not, in many instances, come from houses where infectious diseases exist. To wrap food in old newspapers that have been handled, read and breathed upon is atrocious.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. F. MANDER,
President, National Union of Teachers.

DEAR SIR,—The resolution of the conference pressing for adequate provision for playing games and adequate accommodation for teachers has my complete sympathy. In the majority of schools the only playing-grounds are asphalt yards, and the children's games are mere running about and screaming. This does not conduce to education. On the contrary, it is a very good preparation for hooliganism in the streets.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. WILLIAM MILNES,
Foreman Bricklayer, Wickersley.

DEAR SIR,—It is good to read of one who can break records outside the realms of sport. Lately you laid no fewer than 1,121 bricks in an hour, and it needed the services of six labourers to keep you going. An average day's work pans out at about 700, which proves either that you are a wonder-worker or that there is something radically wrong somewhere.

JOHN BULL.

To Bailie SMITH,
Southern Police Court, Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,—You are well enough acquainted with the law to realise that to defend a weak case is an unsatisfactory job at best. A plea is prepared on information furnished by the client, and to accuse a respectable solicitor, as you did, of having "created" a defence consisting of "a tissue of lies" was unjustifiable. I trust that you will see fit to withdraw your statement, for courtesy from the Bench is essential for the proper administration of justice.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. PICTON PHILLIPS,
Chief Constable of Carmarthenshire.

DEAR SIR,—The appalling number of road accidents during last year—4,886 persons were killed and 133,888 were injured—has prompted you to suggest that pedestrians also should be made liable to a penalty for negligence. "If pedestrians were as careful as the average motorist there would be fewer mishaps," you claim, and testimony from such a source cannot be ignored.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. DEBROY SOMERS,
C/o. Ciro's, Orange Street, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—If Mahomet cannot come to the mountain, let the mountain go to Mahomet! When a paralysed ex-soldier was disappointed because he could not hear your famous band, you at once decided to take along your band to the hospital and give him his treat on the spot. In this both you and Miss St. John Montague, who helped to arrange it, have shown the real Christian spirit.

JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. JOSEPH and SAMUEL SHAW,
Retford, Nottinghamshire.

DEAR SIR,—There is a touch of the old world about you when you travel forth together attired alike in your white smocks. Twins, born more than eighty years ago, living all your lives within a hundred yards of your birthplace, you have worked together for thirty years as carters to the local Corporation, as your father did before you. The world will be the poorer by two honest old fellows whenever you pass out.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE L. SHEPHERD,
Rendlesham Road, Clapton.

DEAR SIR,—While walking in Oxford Street you saw Herbert Cartwright, twenty-four, and Patrick Doherty, twenty-one, making off with jewellery they had taken from a shop window. A man in the glory of his prime might well have hesitated to tackle such desperate ruffians, yet you, though turned seventy-five, fearlessly seized upon Cartwright, whom you held till the police arrived. Both are now behind prison walls. The community at large is in your debt.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GILBERT CHILDS,
Comedian, Co-Optimists.

DEAR GILBERT,—I was profoundly shocked when I learned of your grave illness, for laughter-makers of genius are too scarce in this sad old world. My grief, however, has almost been swallowed up by admiration now that I know with what courageous fortitude and irrepressible merriment you are facing the foe. If laughter can hold a man back from the grave it is certain that you will live for many years to come. My hope is that the voyage on which you have embarked will restore you to full health.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. CHURCHILL:—"Nothing is so expensive as General Elections and new Governments."
Except old Governments who find it convenient to forget what they were elected for.

LT.-COL. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.:—"Pre-war Ministers have got the wrong attitude towards everything."
And so have most post-war Ministers and M.P.s.

MR. R. J. ANDERSON, B.A.:—"I have so much unbounded respect and admiration for the woman teacher that I do not want her to do my job."
Which is merely frank sex antagonism very neatly put.

MRS. E. S. B. TAIT:—"The girls of to-day are not so earnest, hard-working and anxious to succeed as the girls of forty years ago."
Rubbish. There were never so many successful women as there are in the world to-day.



THE WRECKERS!

THERE is a traffic going on that is a disgrace to the whole civilised world, and someone is hindering effective action. When, however, the facts become known to the people, an outcry will arise which no Government will be able to withstand

Men I'd Like to Strangle!

by Dr. ALEXANDER IRVINE

PROSTITUTION is a cancer in the vitals of civilisation. "The white slave traffic" is the open sore of the world. In the first, we have barter and exchange in the market of souls; in the second, we have an organised business of an international character, for the import and export of women and girls of the poor for immoral purposes.

During the war the business was somewhat disorganised; since the war it has increased by leaps and bounds. It is now brazen and unashamed.

As far back as 1883 a few awakened nations tried to do something about it. In 1904 fifteen Governments got together and an agreement was signed. Laws were enacted and punishments prescribed, but the trade flourished.

In 1920 the League of Nations took notice of it. In 1921 a conference was held at Geneva. The machinery of the League enabled the conference to gather reliable information. It found out the *who* and *where* and *how* of the business. It took four years to get the facts.

Sordid revenue

When it was sure of its ground, when it knew the secret highways, who were slaves and who were traffickers in human flesh, it drew up a convention and presented it to the nations for action.

Forty-three States signed; twenty-one ratified. It was easy to talk and confer and sign, but to get a legislative body to ratify and legislate was a horse of another colour.

The Latin-American States were almost unanimous in their refusal to ratify. Brazil and Uruguay were the outstanding exceptions. France refused to ratify. She was the only leading Power in Europe which took that position and maintained it.

Some of the nations demanded that prostitution be considered as a thing apart. They maintained that the licensed houses were matters of domestic policy and beyond the competence of the League to deal with.

They were deriving a revenue from the social evil and were not willing to give it up. They agreed, however, that the use of foreign women and girls should be prohibited in licensed houses.

In 1923 the council of the League took action. It appointed a committee of experts to make a thorough investigation and report its findings. It spent three years at it. It went into the underworld and began to work as *souteneurs* (procurers). They passed as men who saw in the traffic a quick and easy way of making money. They were unsuspected.

Terrible awakening

The international character of the trade was discovered by getting letters of introduction from procurers in one country to procurers in another. The letter of introduction was sufficient to take one man from Paris to Central America, back to Spain and finally to Poland.

Seventy-five to eighty per cent. of all girls in licensed houses were foreigners, utterly unacquainted with the language of the country in which they served in licensed houses. Forty per cent. of them were mere children, who had been lured away by promises of travel, fine clothes and lucrative positions. They awoke from their dreams in licensed brothels.

The ordinary prostitute lives in her own country, handles her own money, has friends and liberty. The white slaves have none of these. The money or which they are sacrificed goes in three directions

—to the white slaver, to the brothel-keeper and to the Government.

White slavery differs from the old slavery of the black race in the matter of legal ownership. It is really peonage, which is the holding of persons to pay a debt, real or fictitious.

When a girl arrives at her distant destination she is confronted with a debt which it is impossible for her to pay. She is ignorant of the language, she cannot appeal to either friends or authorities and is hedged in.

Awful revelations

Some of them make a fight at the outset of the red career, but most of them give in. One girl fought for three years and was finally cast out as useless to the business.

Men convey girls in parties across seas and continents on false passports, false birth certificates and false documents. The younger they are the easier it is for the *souteneur* to pose as guardian or parent.

All these methods have been verified and authenticated by the experts, and now after three years of investigation they render an account of their work. Six thousand five hundred people were interviewed. Five thousand of them were directly engaged in commercial prostitution.

The report is in two parts. Sir Austen Chamberlain, in presenting the report to the Council, recommended that the first part be published and the second part presented to Governments involved in the traffic for their consideration *before publication*.

The first part is a disgusting revelation. The second part is worse. Part I. is a sordid record of pimps and procurers battenning on the souls and bodies of the young women and girls of the poor.

Its publication has made a record in League publishing. It has gone through four editions in a week or ten days, but even at that only five thousand copies have been issued.

Tell the whole truth!

The slime of the serpent having been traced to the Governments of between twenty and thirty countries, these Governments are to be advised and consulted before the world will know just how far they are guilty, and the present indications are that if the second part ever sees the light at all, it will be published only as a source of information for officials.

Both parts reveal a condition of indescribably rotten morals, but the second part puts its finger on the cancer of Governmental participation and with this information the public is not to be trusted.

British public opinion, however, is a far greater thing than any particular British Government, and unless I am very much mistaken, it will demand full publication, not because the sordid, vulgar facts are desired, but because responsibility for the traffic should be correctly placed.

In the election which made Mr. Harding President of the United States, the leading woman of his party issued a statement in which she said that the League of Nations believed in and fostered the "white slave traffic."

She knew that was a lie, but she knew also that millions of ignorant voters would believe it. Tens of thousands of newspapers knew it was a lie, but they published it in order to beat the League candidate.

The Americans financed this investigation. They will want not half, but the whole truth. There are millions in America who believe in the



Dr. Alexander Irvine

League. When it was charged with this crime they had to remain silent. They will want the facts to offset the lie.

We admire Sir Austen's courtesy and tenderness of heart toward nations involved in the crime, but we are more concerned about the victims than we are about temporary office-holders.

Drastic methods necessary

This is not the sort of thing that can be done with the perfumed diplomatic notes of secret diplomacy. It is a case for the knife and the knife must be used.

It took twenty years to prepare to do something. It took four years to consider how to proceed, and three more to gather the facts. How many more years are we to wait while officials sprinkle each other with rosewater and felicitate each other in diplomatic phrases?

Why not call a convention of pimps and procurers and ask them what we shall do? Governments were quite willing to let these men do the dirty work, but they demanded a share in the profits. What is the difference?

The British Trade Union Congress has published a report on the Russian change of attitude toward the social evil. Under the Empire the houses of prostitution were State regulated. A priest blessed them and the Government taxed them.

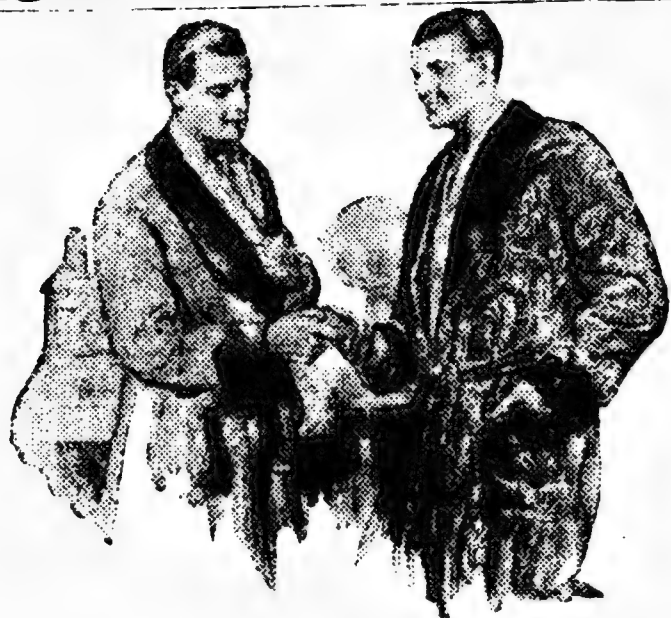
The Soviets wiped out the institution. They took the onus from the woman and put it on the man. It is a crime now for a man to pay a woman for immoral intercourse.

Cowardly complacency

The Labour Governments of all countries have taken their stand against it. They knew only too well that from their homes are lured the victims. There is something very brutal, vulgar and cowardly in the complacency with which men play and toy with this wild beast.

A working man whose daughter had been trapped and lured away thus expressed himself:

"When a poor man's daughter
To obtain a crust,
Becomes a victim
To a rich man's lust—
Then perish penitence,
Angels shut your eyes,
Come conflagration
And light the outraged skies;
Let red Nemesis seize
The hellish clan,
And chaos end
The slavery of man."



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Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

MAD HATTERS OF FAIRYLAND

IT'S YOUR MONEY THEY WANT

A Terrifying Prospect

NOBODY used to worry much about the Easter Conference of the Independent Labour Party. Its extraordinary resolutions, its wonderful excursions into fairyland, and its weird and wonderful views on how the country should be run and what the Government should do, used to cause no excitement and not a little amusement.

To-day the situation is a little different. The Labour Party, of which the I.L.P. is an integral part, has been his Majesty's Government once, and will be his Majesty's Government again.

Since the Independent Labour Party is extraordinarily active for its size, and not a little influential in its personnel, what it now says has a very direct interest for the country.

It is rather staggering, therefore, to hear that a Budget of at least a thousand million pounds will be necessary for the next Labour Chancellor.

It is staggering to find the severest critics of the extravagance of the present Government looking forward to being the next Government, and proceeding to make this extravagance look like economy beside the amount they propose to spend.

JUST where they are going to get the money from they do not appear to know. They talk airily of increasing the income-tax, and, naturally, they look forward to exploiting the rich to benefit the poor.

All this is very nice in theory, but it would be apt to work out unpleasantly in practice for both rich and poor alike.

If it has not been found possible to balance a Budget of £830,000,000 it would not seem at all probable that we shall, with any ease, be able to achieve the miracle of balancing a Budget of £1,000,000,000, or even more.

To hear these fantastic theories put forward as serious propositions is enough to give every sane person very furiously to think.

We agree with the Independent Labour Party that there is a very inequitable distribution of the fruits of industry; and we agree that burdens press very unequally on the backs that are called upon to bear them.

For the life of us, however, we cannot see how this state of affairs is to be remedied by increasing the burdens.

One gentleman surpassed all the others in absurdity by proposing that the burdens should be done away by abolishing the currency, and going back to Adam, whereby goods were exchanged for goods.

PERHAPS, by this time it will have occurred to him that even if we were so foolish as to do that it would merely be exchanging one form of currency for another.

Bedlam economics and fairyland politics are not a very substantial basis on which to build an effective Government. For a Party that will, in the near future, be soliciting the votes of the people, the I.L.P. is far too keen on the immediate and complete demolition of the wicked capitalist system instead of being anxious to take hold of it and make it work efficiently.

Destruction, and not construction, is still its ruling passion. "Socialism" is a silly word that has long ago outlived its usefulness. The English people are to-day sufficiently enlightened politically to try any reasonable experiment that holds out a hope of yielding a better life, and of bringing about a better state of society.

But this will not be accomplished by shouting aloud words that have ceased to have any particular meaning. It can only be done by some solid thinking based on real knowledge, a task which the I.L.P. has so far shown singularly little inclination to tackle.



Mr. J. Maxton, M.P., newly elected Chairman of the Independent Labour Party

GUYING GUIANA

TWO members of Parliament have been on tour to British Guiana. It was a silly thing to do; for, being a Government Commission all by themselves, they were naturally looking for trouble.

And they found it. What else did they expect in British Guiana, if it wasn't sunstroke and snake-bites?

The system of running elections, for example, was nothing like what they had been brought up to at home. Candidates in British Guiana do not conduct themselves like apostles of a great white faith, wearing their throats to the collar-stud in the inspired oratory of burning truth.

They do not make pledges which are bound to be honoured. They don't even kiss the baby. British Guiana is too near the Equator for such hard work as that, and so elections are won by bribery—not mark you, on the credit system in the way of promised benefits—but in hard spot cash.

The two M.P.s are very shocked about it and so are most of the newspapers. Rightly so. But bribery isn't the worst thing about Guiana Government.

"One of the greatest impediments to development is the thoroughly unsound financial system." This has been branded as an "Imperial scandal."

Can it mean that the poor devils in that sweltering patch of Empire, owing to their "thoroughly unsound financial system," have a budget to meet of £800,000,000?

Are there a million or more of them on the British Guiana employment exchanges, or else drawing out-relief in bananas and yams?

Is overcrowding past speaking about with half a dozen Indians to every ten-by-twelve mud-hut base-ment?

No? Well, let's all go to British Guiana!

OUR GREAT FREE OFFER

"John Bull's" Insurance Gift Still the Best

MODERN life is full of risks. Possibly, life always has been, but it is nevertheless true that as speed and efficiency have increased the danger of accident has grown greater.

This is the main reason why insurance, in one form or another, has become an integral part of everyday life. In fact, insurance is necessary if any feeling of security is to be enjoyed at home or abroad.

"JOHN BULL'S" insurance is unique in many ways. It is, for instance, of little use to pin faith exclusively to insurance against being killed in a railway accident. That tragedy may unfortunately happen.

But happily, as statistics prove, it is a tragedy of exceedingly rare occurrence in this country. Even the chance of injury to railway passengers is very remote.

Accidents in the home, or the garden, and on the sports field are, however, always happening. Injuries to life and limb, which may never be reported in the daily Press, but which are tragedy enough to those incapacitated by them, are of daily occurrence.

These are the risks, the accidents that really do happen, and against which our Free Insurance protects.

Last year no fewer than five thousand, six hundred and nine of our readers received cheques representing benefits under its various headings.

We sent off one thousand, two hundred such cheques

in respect of common accidents in the home and garden, varying from £3 a week up to £250 in the case of death.

Eighty-two cheques were given in respect of accidents sustained at sport. One thousand, one hundred and seventy-three cheques went to readers who during the year had contracted one or other of the illnesses which we help them to tide over by a gift of £5 5s. a week; whilst the enormous number of three thousand and ninety-seven cheques went to readers who had suffered by fire, flood and storm, etc.

These figures amply prove the enormous risks surrounding every man and woman going about their usual avocations in and around their homes.

HOW the JOHN BULL Free Insurance Gift softens the blow of injury or loss readers' own letters show.

"You certainly act up to your principles," writes one grateful woman; "the money was a godsend to me."

Another reader, a man, voices the aching misery in many a sick breadwinner's heart when he says: "I was beginning to wonder wherever I should get the money to pay the doctor. Thank God, your cheque will dispel that bogey."

We offer to dispel the bogey from every reader's life. All that is needed is to fill in the form attached to the current issue of JOHN BULL, and hand it to your regular newsagent. We do the rest.

An Alarming Book

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

A BOOK which should be read by everyone who cares for his country is "Capital for Labour," by Francis Lloyd and Bertram Austin. No one could read it without being startled by the facts and enormously heartened by the possibilities



Mr. Francis Lloyd, joint Author of "Capital for Labour"

THERE are roughly 12,000,000 workers in this country. If each of these workers had 5s. extra a week to spend, the sales in our home market would be increased by £3,000,000 per week. We should increase our internal business prosperity by the staggering sum of £156,000,000 per annum.

This is a simple truth that strikes one like the explosion of a bomb in reading a rather alarming book entitled "Capital for Labour," written by Francis Lloyd and Bertram Austin, those two young men who recently produced an equally startling book entitled "The Secret of High Wages."

They examine with perfect frankness the industrial collapse that has overtaken us, and pour scorn upon the Noah's Ark theory which seems to hold our manufacturers in its grip, that prosperity can only be regained by a drastic reduction of the workers' wages.

The way to prosperity

That 5s. a week extra per man would increase the spending power at home by £156,000,000 a year is in itself a crushing rejoinder to any such conception.

The root trouble of this country and in fact of most other countries has always been that we have all been so intent on exploiting foreign markets that we have tended to overlook the fact that the biggest and best market of all is on our very doorstep.

Certainly we ourselves have never yet taken the trouble to see how much of our manufactured goods we can sell to our own people at home. We have not to any large extent even taken the trouble to sell them.

If we do make any attempt to exploit the home market we expect a paternal, if misguided, Government to give us a free field by excluding the products of other nations by Act of Parliament.

The one country that has made serious and intensive effort to sell its goods first and foremost to its own people is America, and enquirer after enquirer, observer after observer, has come back from that country enormously impressed by the resulting prosperity.

Disturbing facts

Moreover, although he is still regarded as something of a phenomenon, Henry Ford and his methods are sufficiently well known now to be accepted as a rational part of the business world.

And Henry Ford has proved, and continues to prove, that so far from reducing wages in order to make a business pay, it is possible to increase wages, improve quality and reduce prices, and still make a very handsome profit. He has indeed proved that the handsome profit can only be made if the other steps are taken.

The facts and figures collected by Lloyd and Austin are disturbing, but there is nothing to be gained by pretending that these disturbing facts do not exist.

We shall never progress until we are willing to face these facts, realise their applications and think out a way to overcome them.

There was a time when we supplied the whole world with manufactured goods of iron and steel. That was a time when this country was known as the world's workshop.

In 1923, however, we bought no less than £14,000,000 worth of such goods from abroad, and last year the figure had increased to over £29,000,000.

Perhaps the most astonishing figures are those relating to electric lamps. Despite the fact that we make them ourselves and that those we make are as good as, if not a great deal better than, any others, we bought no less than 11,000,000 in 1923, while in 1926 we bought 18,000,000 at a cost of only about 4½d. each.

We once held the world's monopoly for machine tools, yet in 1926 we found it necessary to buy nearly a million pounds' worth from abroad.

Buyers instead of sellers

We are buying foreign-made boots and shoes at the rate of 130,000 pairs a week, while last year we paid no less than £1,750,000 for foreign gloves.

Shipping companies are finding it much more profitable to have their ships repaired in Continental shipyards than on the Clyde.

And so the tale goes on. These are facts, hard facts, grave facts. Why do we not face them? It is not only that we are buying all this huge quantity of stuff that we might very well be making ourselves; on top of all this we have to import food in quantities that stagger the imagination.

Last year we paid no less than £491,000,000 for food brought from abroad—that is to say, that every day we are spending more than £1,300,000 on imported food.

More gallant fights take place in ill-health than on the battlefield. And the victory is all the more splendid

IT was in India that Captain Ronald Margetson was sentenced to death. He had never been the same man since the day when, during Army manoeuvres, he had fallen from his horse. For months he had gone about with a suspicious ache in his heart and a growing lump on his side. Then at last he "reported sick," and an X-ray examination disclosed that his malady was a malignant one.



Mr. Philip Inman

bad way, and it's unlikely you'll ever be better." The doomed man winced at the brutality of the verdict, but almost immediately he recovered

"You are a soldier," said the Army doctor to him, "and you would wish me to be frank." "Yes," said Margetson, "tell me the worst." "Well," came the sorry rejoinder, "you're in a

And what is much more serious is the fact that we are spending £1,000,000 a week more than we spent four years ago, which means that all our other industries are forced to export goods and services to the value of £1,000,000 a week more than they did four years ago simply to pay for this extra quantity of food.

Naturally we are buying this food because we are not growing it ourselves. Why we are not growing it ourselves, or at any rate a very large proportion of it, is a matter of the most vital concern to every man and woman in the country.

We can do it!

Certainly one reason is the fact that agricultural wages in this country are the lowest in the land. For doing work which is valuable beyond all compare our agricultural workers are paid an average wage of 32s. a week.

Is it any wonder that there has been a fall in agricultural employment of 100,000 since 1921? Is it any wonder that this figure of agricultural unemployment is increasing steadily year by year?

And remember that we do not grow it because we can't—we do not grow it because we won't. For a great deal of the food that we are buying from abroad comes from countries whose climate is infinitely worse than our own, whose soil is poorer than ours and whose fields yield less than ours.

Somehow or other we have got to turn right round.

We have got to exploit our own market and sell our goods to our own people. We have got to pay wages that will enable our people to spend more and buy more.

Despite all that has been said about America, I most firmly believe that this country has more real capacity, more real brains and more real ability than America ever had or will have.

There is nothing at all holding us back except our own unwillingness to move forward.

The Man Who

himself. "How long, doc?" he asked. "A year, or probably less," came the reply.

When the doctor went his round the next day Margetson said to him, "I've been thinking over what you told me yesterday, and if you'll let me, I'd like to go home. I should pass out happier from there. You see," he added wistfully, "I've got a mother and a girl waiting for me."

The doctor pondered for a minute, then he said, "If you wait until next month I'm due for furlough, and I'll see you safely across."

On the voyage to England Margetson was bedridden all the time, but when they were within sight of Southampton, he said to the doctor, "I'm afraid they'll have a shock if they see me in this condition. I'd like to go ashore in my uniform. Do you think I might?" Then he whispered as if to himself, "Maybe it will be the last time I shall wear it."

IT was difficult to withstand that pathetic plea, and that is why an elderly woman and a young girl waiting on the quayside were thrilled with a great hope when they saw Captain Margetson step off the liner dressed in his khaki.

But that hope was soon destined to be blighted,

Keep Your Tail Up!

by A. G. GARDINER

WHILST other countries are forging ahead, Britain lags behind, resting on laurels that are being torn away. To this there can be but one ending—relegation to a subservient position—unless our old-time initiative returns. Britain Must Wake Up!

DURING the past few weeks I have had the opportunity of visiting several foreign countries and of comparing foreign conditions with our own. Indeed, I am still pursuing this informal enquiry, and the present article is written in Italy where my journeyings have now brought me.

I shall not attempt here to set down any conclusions that emerge from my experiences beyond saying that those experiences, taken in the lump, do not lead me to think less cheerfully of the prospects of my own country.

There is undoubtedly a new spirit abroad on the Continent which expresses itself in a commercial enterprise and an industrial activity that constitute a challenge to us in many directions.

But the prestige of Great Britain abroad is still unequalled in Europe, and by any test that is applied, the standard of life of our people is substantially higher than that of any other nation.

I do not know why lugubrious deans and other eminent persons should proclaim to the world the decline and fall of British prosperity; nor do I see what object certain Labour leaders have in view in exhibiting industrial conditions here as the low-water-mark of Europe when it is manifestly the high-water mark.

Crying stinking fish

I share very fully the resentment recently expressed by Sir Malcolm Robertson, the British Minister in the Argentine, against "this dreadful habit of decrying ourselves and everything that is British." We are taken at our word, he says, and "our competitors broadcast all the poisonous things we say about ourselves," to our own serious discredit.

But this resentment against the propaganda of catastrophe should not blind us to the fact that the critical phase through which the world is passing in these days is discovering grave defects in our equipment and serious inroads upon our commercial pre-eminence.

Some of these sources of loss are in the nature

of things. Some spring from the war and the consequences of the war.

The revolution in Russia has shattered one of the pillars of our trade. The revolution in China is threatening another. Here in Italy a new impulse has been given to industry which, together with the development of water, checks much of our export trade, especially in coal.

Insolence and laziness

Oil, which we do not produce, is disestablishing coal, which we do produce, both on land and sea, and even in the coal market we are being dispossessed by new sources of supply. Ships which used to carry English coal to the Indian Ocean are now carrying South African coal and so on.

South African and even Indian contracts which used to come here are now going to the Continent.

In the speech to which I have referred, Sir Malcolm Robertson said that even in so old and so friendly a market as the Argentine we have lost and are losing ground seriously.

But while some of the causes are permanent and irremovable, the chief ones are of our making and are removable. We have held the world in fee so long that we find it difficult to understand that a new time has come in which we have to fight for our place in the sun.

The startling progress which the United States has made in recent years in the application of mechanical labour-saving devices and in the standardisation of production, has no reflection here. Our market is flooded with gadgets and ingenuities which come from America and which leave our enterprise beaten and breathless.

The sense of adventure and initiative in business has gone out of us. Still more discreditable is our failure in marketing. The Prince of Wales the other day drew attention to the fact that British commodities were sent to South America with instructions only in English printed on them, while similar commodities from Germany and the United States had instructions printed in the language of the people.

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

for not many hours later an ambulance was summoned, and the invalid captain became a patient in a private ward of a London hospital.

It was on September 10, 1926, that Ronald Margetson landed in England, and it was on the 17th that, after a protracted consultation, the surgeons decided to operate. The diagnosis of the Indian Army doctor was confirmed, and the growth on his side was declared to be incurable.

AS the days passed, the patient gradually weakened, and he was like a living skeleton. The passing of time left its mark, too, on the mother and girl who came to visit him. As they left the ward one day their drawn faces and tear-stained cheeks betrayed their anguish. "It's terrible to see him like that," sobbed the elder woman, "and to think that to-morrow he'll just be thirty-two."

Then this cry rent that mother's heart, "Would to God I could take his place!" The girl by her side said nothing, but as she walked away there was in her very movement a something which told of a hopeless despair.

"It's not so big. I'm sure it's going down," Margetson cried excitedly a few weeks later. The doctor agreed, but it was too early to say whether

the radium which had been applied would do that which an operation had failed to do. But one effect of his new treatment was soon evident. It restored to the patient his fighting spirit, and in turn his loved ones caught it from him.

Life is never lost so long as the will to live is present, and it is not on the battle-ground alone that victory is often snatched from defeat.

The truth of this was to be demonstrated in the case of Captain Ronald Margetson. He has left the hospital, and is simply attending for treatment on two or three days a week. He suffers little or no pain, and a healthy glow is slowly appearing.

WHAT has wrought the change? In medical circles two opinions are held. The first is that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, his ailment was not a malignant one; the second is that Margetson's constitution rallied to his rescue and his inherent strength wore down the malady.

Which of these two is right I know not, and I care less. What I do know is that in very truth Margetson's life has been snatched back from the very jaws of death. I also know that as a result the lovelight is once more shining brightly in the eyes of his mother and his girl.



Sir Malcolm Arnold Robertson, K.B.E., C.M.G., Minister Plenipotentiary at Buenos Aires, who warns us that we are losing ground in the markets of the world.

I do not know any better illustration of what is wrong with our business intelligence. It is a monumental example of insolence and laziness—insolence in supposing that other nations must learn our language if they want our goods; laziness in refusing to fulfil the most elementary requirements of business.

Melancholy failure

It is not only in manufactures that this obstinate conservatism prevails. It is at the root of much that is wrong with agriculture. Take the melancholy speech in which Sir Archibald Weigall recently announced the death of the Lincolnshire Co-operative Bacon Factory.

No one needs to be told at this time of day what a miracle agricultural co-operation has worked in the state of Denmark. It has converted a poor country into a rich country. It has enabled Denmark to snatch the bacon and butter market of their country from under the very noses of our own obdurate and antiquated farmers.

And even now we have not begun to take the lesson seriously to heart. The Lincolnshire incident is a case in point. The society was formed, but of the 600 members, according to Sir Archibald, only sixty regularly did business with the factory. Some of them even used the factory to enable them to get better prices from the dealers.

So long as the Lincolnshire farmer "did the dirty" like that, said Sir Archibald, there was no hope of his ever being able to understand the fundamentals of co-operative marketing.

The fact is that while the foreign farmer is learning to help himself, the English farmer is looking to be spoon-fed from the State with subsidies for this and tariffs against that.

Clear the barnacles!

And meanwhile the foreign farmer, especially the Danish farmer, having learned that union is strength and that co-operative buying, selling, financing and instruction are the key to success, is snatching the English market out of the hands of the English producer.

So far I have confined myself to illustrating those defects in our trading methods which are largely responsible for the relative decline of our position in world commerce. All these defects are removable. There is another group of causes even more fatal to our interests, but equally removable.

To them I propose to refer in another article. In doing so I have no intention of swelling the chorus of despair and depreciation. I am confident of our future; but we must clear away the barnacles from the ship's bottom if we are to realise that future.

Wouldn't Die

THE FOUR JUST MEN AGAIN

A Rogue at Bay

IT is the worst possible thing to underestimate one's opponent. Mr. Lewis Lethersohn was guilty of that unpardonable mistake when he ran foul of Manfred, Gonzalez and Poiccart. That is why a potential tragedy ended in something very like a farce—to his complete discomfiture.

IT is sometimes a dangerous thing to watch a possible watcher.

"What is Mr. Lewis Lethersohn afraid of?" asked Manfred, as he cracked an egg at breakfast. His handsome, clean-shaven face was tanned a teak-brown, for he was newly back from the sun and snows of Switzerland.

Leon Gonzalez sat opposite, absorbed in the *Times*; at the end of the table was Raymond Poiccart, heavy-featured and saturnine. Other pens than mine have described his qualities and his passion for growing vegetables.

He raised his eyes to Gonzalez.

"Is he the gentleman who has had this house watched for the past month?" he asked.

A smile quivered on the delicate lips of Leon as he folded the newspaper neatly.

"He is the gentleman—I am interviewing him this morning," he said. "In the meantime, the sleuth hounds have been withdrawn—they were employed by the Ottis Detective Agency."

"If he is watching us he has a bad conscience," said Poiccart, nodding slowly. "I shall be interested to hear all about this."

MR. LEWIS LETHERSOHN lived in Lower Berkeley Street—a very large and expensive house. The footman who opened the door to Leon was arrayed in a uniform common enough in musical comedy, but rather out of the picture in Lower Berkeley Street, mulberry and gold and knee-breeches. Leon gazed at him with awe. "Mr. Lethersohn will see you in the library," said the servant—he seemed, thought Leon, rather self-conscious of his own magnificence.

A gorgeous house this, with costly furnishings and lavish decorations. As he mounted the wide stairs he had a glimpse of a beautiful woman passing across the landing. One disdainful glance she threw in his direction and passed, leaving behind her the faint fragrance of some exotic perfume.

The room into which he was shown might have been mistaken for a boudoir, with its bric-à-brac and its beauty of appointments.

Mr. Lethersohn rose from behind the empire writing-table and offered a white hand. He was thin, rather bald, and there was a suggestion of the scholar in his lined face.

"Mr. Gonzalez?" His voice was thin and not particularly pleasant. "Won't you sit down? I had your enquiry—there seems to be some mistake."

He had resumed his own seat.

Though he might endeavour to cover up his uneasiness by this cold attitude of his, he could not quite hide his perturbation.

"I know you, of course—but it is ridiculous that I should set men to watch your house. Why?"

Gonzalez was absorbing him with those eager eyes of his.

"That is what I have come to learn," he said, "and I think it would be fairest to tell you that there is no question that you are watching us. We know the agency you employed—we know the fees you have paid and the instructions you have given. The only question is, why?"

Mr. Lethersohn moved uncomfortably and smiled. "Really . . .

I suppose there is no wisdom in denying that I did employ detectives. The truth is, the Four Just Men is rather a formidable organisation . . . and . . . er . . . well, I am a rich man . . ." He was at a loss how to go on.

The interview ended lamely with polite assurances on either side. Leon Gonzalez went back to Curzon Street a very thoughtful man.

"He's afraid of somebody consulting us, and the detective people have been employed to head off that somebody. Now who?"

The next evening brought the answer.

It was a grey April night, chill and moist. The woman who walked slowly down Curzon Street, examining the numbers on the doors, was an object of suspicion to the policeman standing on Claridge's corner.

She was in the region of thirty, rather slim, under the worn and sodden coat. Her face was faded and a little pinched. "Pretty once," mused Leon Gonzalez, observing her from behind the gauze curtain that covered the window. "A working

woman without a thought beyond keeping body and soul together."

He had time enough to observe her, since she stood for a long time by the kerb, looking up and down the street hopelessly.

"Notice the absence of any kind of luring finery—and this is the hour when even the poorest find a fichu or a pair of gloves."

Manfred rose from the table where he had been taking his frugal meal, and joined the keen-faced observer.

"Provincial, I think," said Leon, thoughtfully. "Obviously a stranger to the West End—she's coming here!"

As he was speaking, the woman had turned, made a brief scrutiny of the front door . . . they heard the bell ring.

"I was mistaken—she hadn't lost her way: she was plucking up courage to ring—and if she isn't Lethersohn's *bête noire* I am a Dutchman!"

He heard Poiccart's heavy tread in the passage—Poiccart played butler quite naturally. Presently he came in and closed the door behind him.

"You will be surprised," he said in his



Lethersohn swung round on the motionless Gonzalez and pulled the trigger

grave way. That was peculiarly Poiccart—to say mysterious things gravely.

"About the lady? I refuse to be surprised." Leon was vehement. "She has lost something—husband, a watch, something. She has the 'lost' look—an atmosphere of vague helplessness surrounds her. The symptoms are unmistakable!"

"Ask her to come in," said Manfred, and Poiccart retired.

A second later Marguerite Stamford was ushered into the room.

That was her name. She came from Edgware and she was a widow



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Every Garment Bears



this Trade Mark

by Edgar Wallace

Long before she came to the end of the preliminaries Poiccart's promised surprise had been sprung. For this woman wearing clothes that a charwoman might have despised, was a lady.

Her voice was soft and educated, her vocabulary extensive. She spoke of conditions which could only be familiar to one who had lived in the surroundings of refinement.

SHE was the widow of a man who (they gathered) had not been in his lifetime the best of husbands. Rich beyond the ordinary meaning of the term, with estates in Yorkshire and Somerset, a fearless rider to hounds, he had met his death in the hunting field.

"My husband had a peculiar upbringing," she said. "His parents died at an early age and he was brought up by his uncle. He was a terrible old man who drank heavily, was coarse to the last degree, and was jealous of outside interference.

"Practically Mark saw nobody until, in the last year of the old man's life, he brought in a young man a little older than Mark, to act as tutor for Mark's education was terribly backward. My husband was twenty-one when his uncle died, but he retained the gentleman to act for him as companion and secretary."

"Mr. Lewis Lethersohn," said Leon promptly, and she gasped.

"I can't guess how you know, but that is the name. Although we weren't particularly happy," she



went on, "my husband's death was a terrible shock. But almost as great was his will.

"In this he left one half of his fortune to Lethersohn, the other half to me at the expiration of five years from his death, provided that I carried out the conditions of the will. I was not to marry during that period, I was to live at a house in Harlow, and never to leave the Harlow district.

"Mr. Lethersohn was given absolute power as sole executor to dispose of my property for my benefit. I have lived in Harlow until this morning."

"Mr. Lethersohn is, of course, married?" said Leon, his bright eyes fixed on the lady.

"Yes—you know him?"

Leon shook his head. "I only know that he is married and very much in love with his wife."

She was astounded at this.

"You must know him. Yes, he married just before Mark was killed. A very beautiful Hungarian girl—he is half Hungarian, and I believe he adores her. I heard that she was very extravagant—I only saw her once."

"What has happened at Harlow?"

It was the silent, watchful Poiccart who asked the question. He saw the woman's lips tremble.

"It has been a nightmare," she said with a break in her voice. "The house was a beautiful little place—miles from Harlow really, and off the main road. There I have been for two years practically a prisoner.

"MY letters have been opened. I have been locked in my room every night by one of the two women Mr. Lethersohn sent to look after me, and men have been patrolling the grounds day and night."

"The suggestion is that you are not quite right in your head?" asked Manfred.

She looked startled at this. "You don't think so?" she asked quickly, and, when he shook his head: "Thank God for that! Yes, that was the story they told. I wasn't supposed to see newspapers, though I had all the books I wanted.

"One day I found a scrap of paper with the account of a bank fraud which you gentlemen had detected, and there was a brief account of your past. I treasured that because it had your address in the paragraph.

"To escape seemed impossible. I had no money, it was impossible to leave the grounds. But they had a woman come to do the rough work twice a week. I think she came from the village. I managed to enlist her sympathy, and yesterday she brought me these clothes. Early this morning I changed, dropped out of my bedroom window and passed the guard. Now, I come to my real mystery."

She put her hand into the pocket of her wet coat and took out a small package. This she unwrapped.

"My husband was taken to the cottage hospital after his accident; he died early the next morning. He must have recovered consciousness unknown to the nurses, for the top of the sheet was covered with little drawings that he had made with an indelible pencil attached to his temperature chart hanging above his head—he must have reached up for it and broken it off."

She spread out the square of soiled linen on the table.

"Poor Mark was very fond of drawing—the figures that children

and idle people who have no real knowledge of art love to scribble."

"How did you get this?" asked Leon, his eyes blazing.

"The matron cut it off for me."

Manfred frowned. "The sort of things a man might draw in his delirium," he said.

"On the contrary," said Leon coolly, "it is as clear as daylight to me. Where were you married?"

"At the Westminster Register Office."

Leon nodded. "Take your mind back: was there anything remarkable about the marriage—did your husband have a private interview with the registrar?"

SHE opened her big blue eyes at this. "Yes—Mr. Lethersohn and my husband interviewed him in his private office."

Leon chuckled, but was serious again instantly. "One more question. Who drew up the will? A lawyer?"

She shook her head. "My husband—it was written in his own hand from start to finish. He wrote rather a nice hand, very easily distinguishable from any other."

"Were there any other conditions imposed upon you in your husband's will?"

She hesitated, and the watchers saw a dark flush pass over her face.

"Yes. . . It was so insulting that I did not tell you. It was this—and this was the main condition—that I should not at any time attempt to establish the fact that I was legally married to Mark. That was to me inexplicable—I can't believe that he was ever married before, but his early life was so remarkable that anything may have happened."

Leon was smiling delightedly. In such moments he was as a child who had received a new and entrancing toy.

"I can relieve your mind," he said, to her amazement. "Your husband was never married before!"

Poiccart was studying the drawings.

"Can you get the plans of your husband's estates?" he asked, and Leon chuckled again.

"That man knows everything, George!" he exclaimed. "Poiccart, *mon vieux*, you are superb!"

He turned quickly to Mrs. Stamford.

"Madam, you need rest, a change of clothing, and—protection. The first and the last are in this house, if you dare be our guest. The second I will procure for you in an hour—together with a temporary maid."

SHE looked at him, a little bewildered. Five minutes later, an embarrassed Poiccart was showing her to her room, and a nurse of Leon's acquaintance was hurrying to Curzon Street with a bulging suitcase—Leon had a weakness for nurses, and knew at least a hundred by name.

Late as was the hour, he made several calls—one as far as Strawberry Hill, where a certain assistant registrar of marriages lived.

It was eleven o'clock that night (Continued on page 22)



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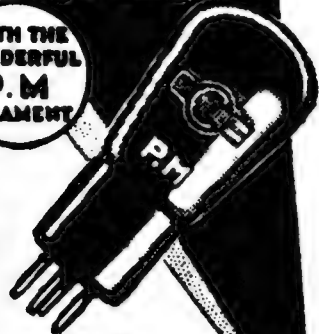
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A Rogue at Bay - Continued

when he rang the bell at the handsome house in Lower Berkeley Street. Another footman admitted him.

"Are you Mr. Gonzalez? Mr. Lethersohn has not returned from the theatre, but he telephoned asking you to wait in the library."

"Thank you," said Leon gratefully, though there was no need for gratitude, for he it was who had telephoned.

He was bowed into the ornate sanctum and left alone. The footman had hardly left the room before Leon was at the empire desk, turning over the papers rapidly. But he found what he sought on the blotting-pad, face downwards.

A letter addressed to a firm of wine merchants complaining of some deficiency in a consignment of champagne. He read this through rapidly—it was only half finished—folded the paper and put it into his pocket.

Carefully and rapidly he examined the drawers of the table: two were locked—the middle drawer was, however, without fastening. What he found interested him and gave him some little occupation.

He had hardly finished before he heard a car stop outside the house and, looking through the curtains, saw a man and woman alight.

Dark as it was, he recognised his unconscious host, and he was sitting demurely on the edge of a chair when Lethersohn burst into the room, his face white with fury.

"What the hell is the meaning of this?" he demanded as he slammed the door behind him. "By God, I'll have you arrested for impersonating me—"

"You guessed that I had telephoned—that was almost intelligent," smiled Leon Gonzalez.

The man swallowed something. "Why are you here—I suppose it concerns the poor woman who escaped from a lunatic

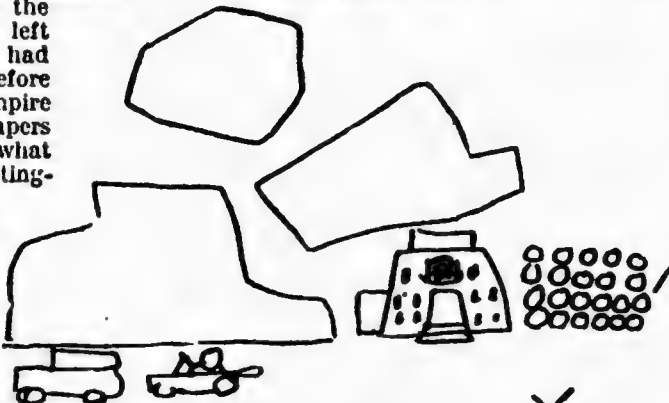
asylum to-day—I only just heard before I went out."

"So we gathered from the fact that your watchers have been on duty again to-night," said Leon; "but they were a little too late."

The man's face went a shade paler.

"You've seen her?" he asked jerkily.

"And I suppose she told you a cock-and-bull story about me?"



Mark Stamford's queer will

Leon took from his pocket a piece of discoloured linen and held it up. "You've not seen this?" he asked. "When Mark Stamford died, this drawing was found on his sheet. He could draw these queer little things, you know that?"

Lewis Lethersohn did not answer.

"Shall I tell you what this is—it is his last will."

"That's a lie!" croaked the other.

"His last will," nodded Leon sternly. "Those three queer rhomboids are rough plans of his three estates. That house is a pretty fair picture of the Southern Bank premises and the little circles are money."

Lethersohn was staring at the drawing. "No court would accept that foolery," he managed to say.

Leon showed his teeth in a mirthless grin. "Nor the 'awl' which means 'all,' nor the four strokes which stand as 'for' nor the 'Marguerite' nor the final 'Mark'?" he asked.

With an effort Lethersohn recovered his composure. "My dear man, the idea is fantastic—he wrote a will with his own hand—"

Leon stood with his head thrust forward. So far Lethersohn got, when:

"He couldn't write!" he said softly, and Lethersohn staggered back. "He could draw these kid pictures, but he couldn't write his own name. You wrote the will! If Mrs. Stamford had examined the registrar's certificate she would have seen that it was signed with a cross—that is why you put in the little bit about her not attempting to prove her marriage—why you kept her prisoner at Harlow in case she made independent enquiries."

Suddenly, Lethersohn flew to his desk and jerked open a drawer. In a second an automatic appeared in his hand. Running back to the door, he flung it open.

"Help . . . murder!" he shouted.

He swung round on the motionless Gonzalez and, levelling his pistol, pulled the trigger. A click—and no more.

"I emptied the magazine," said Leon coolly, "so the little tragedy you so carefully staged has become a farce. Shall I telephone to the police or will you?"

SCOTLAND YARD men arrested Lewis Lethersohn as he was stepping on to the boat at Dover.

"There may be some difficulty in proving the will," said Manfred, reading the account in the evening newspapers; "but the jury will not take long to put friend Lewis in his proper place. . . ."

Later, when they questioned him—Poiccart was all for pinning down his psychology—he condescended to explain.

"The rebus told me he could not write—the fact that the will did not instruct Mrs. Stamford to marry Lewis showed me that he was married and loved his wife. The rest was ridiculously easy."

Who were "The Happy Travellers"? The Four Just Men were puzzled—but not for long. Gonzalez solves the mystery in next week's "John Bull."

The Sentence of the Court

A LEMON FOR A. MELLON

Hocussing the "Hicks"



WHEN charged with bearing false witness, Andrew W. Mellon, an American by birth and a politician by profession, "guessed" and "calculated" that he was "Not guilty."

"I can only suggest," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "that the accused should do some further calculations and guess again, for the evidence is as plain as the beard on Uncle Sam's chin and as pungent as the cigar in his mouth."

"As one of the foremost financial authorities in America, Mr. Mellon is well acquainted with all details appertaining to inter-Allied debts, yet he recently made what he must know to be the false assertion that our debt to the United States is more than covered by our receipts from German reparations."

"This statement has had a most unfortunate effect on the Continent, where once again 'perfidious Albion' is being misrepresented as a canting money-grubber, wringing coin from her impoverished Allies under pretence of remitting it to America, while all the time pocketing a handsome profit."

"Under the terms of the Balfour Note, we cannot receive from our Allies more than we pay America. Our receipts

from German reparations last year amounted to one-third of our Yankee debt payments."

"Even if the Dawes payments and Allied debt payments were received by us in full for sixty years (and only the sort of optimist whose spiritual home is Colney Hatch would bank on this), they would still be insufficient to cover our debt to America."

Mr. Strawsplitter urged that what his client had said was said in the heat of a Yankee election campaign.

Anyone who knew what such a campaign was like would have the greatest sympathy with the accused.

In fact, such a campaign was like nothing else on earth and anything said from the campaigning platform might, without any detriment to the speaker, be received with something short of implicit belief.

To hold anyone responsible for statements made in such circumstances would be as grotesque as to expect mathematical accuracy from a convivial angler describing his record "catch" to a gathering of unbelievers.

In any case (continued counsel) his client claimed in the first place that what he said in America was privileged, and in the second place that he probably didn't say it.

"Whether there is anything in counsel's suggestion that dishonesty is considered the best policy in an American election, I cannot say," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "as I am not familiar with the 'lie' of the land. But if this is so, it indicates a 'Melloncholy' state of affairs in the home of George Washington."

"The prisoner himself knows the truth about the Allied debts and so do the statesmen of France and Italy, but the uninstructed multitude in these countries is only too eager to be misled regarding the part John Bull is playing—or, rather, paying."

"If we did unto Brother Jonathan as others have 'done' us, it would be enough to make Jonathan Wild; but we have guaranteed him payment in full and that guarantee we are carrying out without any great carryings on."

"Our generosity may provide America with some excuse for thinking of this country as another L. S. Island, but it certainly does not provide American politicians with justification for misrepresenting us as a nation of gold-diggers."

"The sentence of the Court is that the sort of Mellon's food upon which the prisoner has been feeding the trans-Atlantic 'hicks' shall be declared a dangerous drug and its vendor imprisoned for the duration of the New York run of 'Able's Irish Rose.'"

THE SINISTER SHOP WINDOW

ARE YOU EATING POISON?

The Great Inspection Farce

THE health of the people is not what it should be. During the war, out of the hundreds of thousands of men medically examined, 64 to 65 per cent. did not come up to the scratch.

According to Sir Arthur Newsholme, from 1913-23, 14,476,000 weeks were lost every year through sickness, or the equivalent of the yearly work of 278,000 persons. And in 1921, this had risen to 23,500,999 weeks.

These figures are nothing short of appalling; and although much money is spent, our national health is still deplorable.

As we have made some study of this very urgent matter, we firmly believe that much of our indifferent health can be traced to the persistent adulteration and careless handling of the food and drink that we consume.

Scratching the surface

In the middle ages, stringent laws existed to stop these abuses, and ferocious punishments were frequently inflicted on those who tampered with food. Many of these laws, with lesser penalties, remained until the middle of the nineteenth century; but in the interests of the rich manufacturers they became a dead letter.

Even John Bright argued in the House of Commons that adulteration of goods was merely a form of competition.

The Government has done something in this matter by prohibiting certain chemicals in preserved food stuffs; but in face of the persistent adulteration which obtains, this is only the merest beginning.

It is merely this as the last report of the Ministry of Health tells us what we have to put up with.

Of 118,930 samples of food examined, 7,714 were found to be adulterated or not up to standard. Beer contained an undue proportion of salt, and raspberry and apple jam and strawberry and apple jam were in too many instances nearly all apple.

Moreover, one lot of tea sold in a Hackney Street was full of iron filings and pieces of wire and nails.

A alarming records

Eighty-two samples of butter were almost all margarine and some contained excessive preservatives. Packets of shredded suet contained as much as one-third rice-flour, and 8 per cent. of the jam and marmalade examined had glucose, syrup, salicylic acid and a dye. Also, nearly a hundred samples had fractions of glass or glaze or enamel.

Furthermore, a sample of anchovy paste showed 14 per cent. of ash, and this was chiefly iron oxide which had been added for colouring purposes. One consignment of 9,000 chocolate Easter eggs was condemned because they contained glass, zinc, quartz, copper and sawdust.

We recently had something to say about the chemical substances which

are used in making white bread; but that is not all of the story.

Farmers know that thousands of potatoes are sold to bakers as a substitution for flour. Potatoes in the



Sir Arthur Newsholme

form of flour may not be harmful; but if one buys bread one expects to have wheat.

Vain protest

Fishmongers and butchers announce in their windows during hot weather that the fish and the meat are severally kept in ice safes. This is no guarantee that the public gets what it should.

Chemists have told us that during the summer they sell pounds of boracic powder to the butchers and fishmongers in order to keep their goods "fresh."

A man who had been a working butcher told us it was the custom when the weather was hot to put the meat that was "faint" in sulphine in order to make it saleable.

The Ministry of Health has protested, and protested in vain, against the conditions under which food is displayed in the shops. Meat, fish and vegetables are daily exposed to dirt and dust from the road and contamination from flies. Moreover, customers with none too clean hands handle meat and fish, which is also against the regulations.

The method of carting meat is also a scandal. Anyone can see carts loaded with uncovered meat in the City of London which, held up by the traffic, are often near dustcarts. The filth from the latter is promptly blown by the wind on the carcasses.

Tinned food, which is largely con-

sumed by the public, cannot be other than harmful to health, for tinning means excessive freezing, handling, drying and devitalising. Not long ago, a suspected case of botulism in the north of England was put down to tinned salmon.

No less an authority than Sir Arbuthnot Lane recently declared in the columns of a daily newspaper that the alarming increase of cancer and other diseases was owing to the general consumption of food—valueless white bread and tinned food.

Criminal carelessness

Too many of us have known tubercular tragedies which are directly traceable to polluted milk. Yet, in spite of the millions that are annually spent in fighting the dread disease of consumption, it is disquieting to learn from the recent International Tuberculosis Congress in Washington that a million cows in this country are affected with this disease.

This has been known for some time, but now we learn that unless there are external symptoms of consumption in cows, the milk is not necessarily infected with germs.

Even so, this is scarcely reassuring to those with delicate children; but, unhappily, this is only a fraction of the problem of providing a milk supply free from impurities, for there are dairy farms and dairy farms.

There are many that are free from reproach, where every precaution is taken to prevent contamination. There are many in the remote agricultural districts where the conditions are scandalous. In these, a criminal carelessness prevails.

Much of this carelessness is owing to the hidebound prejudices of the country-bred farmer. His point of view is "What was good enough for feyther is good enough for me."

Should he be alive to the urgency of sanitary precautions, his men too often are not, and the farmer is too occupied to keep an ever-watchful eye on his workers.

Priceless sacrifice

Many of the cowsheds are over a hundred years old, and were built at a time when cleanliness and health were rarely considered inseparable.

Hundreds of these are wholly unfit for their purposes; but neither the impoverished landlord nor the farmer has the money to pull them down and rebuild them on modern lines.

The inspections of the local medical officer of health, which are supposed to safeguard the public, are in too many cases a tragic farce.

This, because these inspectors shut their eyes to the things they see and should take action upon, and for the reason that the offending farmer is either a friend or a profitable patient.

The priceless possession of national health is thus sacrificed on the altar of tradesmen's profits. The remedy is in the hands of the public who, apparently, are too easy-going to care.



Soften your Beard at the Base

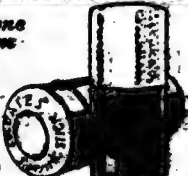
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Words Winged to Women

A SILLY STUNT

by MABEL HORNER

NEARLY ten years have passed since women were first enfranchised, but it still appears necessary to point out to some of them what sex equality really stands for.

MR. BALDWIN, as Prime Minister, has done the right thing. He has declared his intention of bringing in a Government measure to remove the intolerable sex inequality under which women have been compelled to suffer.

But it is extraordinary how many people are even now prepared to do battle to keep alive all the old injustices and sex antagonisms. Even the daily newspapers have descended to the meanest and silliest of stunts.

The most idiotic of these is the attempt to prevent the proposed revision of the franchise by striving to make it appear ridiculous by shrieking the parrot cry, "Votes for Flappers!" often decorating the skit by pictures of little girls obviously of an age to be carrying a school satchel.

Well, a girl of fourteen may, if one has a taste for slang, be termed a flapper, just as a boy of fourteen may be termed a "hobbledehoy," but it takes nothing away nor adds to the argument.

The fact is that both boys and girls in the vast majority leave school at fourteen to enter industry, but neither of them stay at fourteen. They grow on to twenty-one. And at twenty-one years of age both have had seven years' experience of earning their own living in industry, and both have attained their majority.

Absurd contrast

They are rated and taxed and held responsible for their own misdeeds, and if they infringe the law they become subject to its full penalties.

It would have been much more honest if the sensation-mongers had interviewed a number of women who are, say, twenty-eight and twenty-nine years of age, holding responsible positions up and down the country, and who at present are obliged to look on while youths of twenty-one go to the poll.

Nevertheless, truth, in the end, must always prevail, and that is why it seems worth while to take up the question of what young women are saying about their own coming inclusion in the franchise.

The most deplorable opinions are those of Miss Kathleen Wolsey who founded two years ago a dressmaker's business that is still running. Miss Wolsey is in her

sew a fine seam while her lord and master faces the world on her behalf.

For consider what politics can do to her. They can tax her shop out of existence, and cut the ground from under her feet by preposterous land laws. They can impose tariffs upon her silk goods and render it impossible to get trade. They can regulate the hours at which she may buy and sell. They can ruin her with income-tax.

And when politics are really bad they can bring fleets of enemy 'planes about her head and bomb both her and all she has into pitiful dust. Bluntly, Miss Wolsey has not yet begun to think or she would never say that women "have nothing to do" with politics.

The power of women

But here is another domestic side of the political question. Vera Hunt is a young Luton milliner who the other day was tending grooved and cylindrically heated rollers. By a mischance, her right hand was drawn into the machinery.

While her horrified companions rushed for aid she managed to stop the machine. Then she walked down three flights of stairs to be driven to hospital, where her right hand was amputated.

She must take up her life maimed, but not penniless. That is what politics have done for her. Compensation has been fixed at £600, little enough, but sufficient to give the poor child a fresh start.

We can leave the Miss Wolseys of the country to their own ignorance. When the time comes Vera Hunt will manage to sign a ballot-paper with her left hand.

There are hundreds of thousands of women, still young, who realise what it means, who will proudly seize their new freedom with both. For, when women rise to their opportunities, they can, by their united votes, stop War.



Miss Kathleen Wolsey

twentieth year only, but she has been educated in Paris, has travelled round the world and has "wide interests."

But these do not include common-sense, for Miss Wolsey does not want a vote and thinks "Mr. Baldwin, as a family man, should know better than to give it, as women have their own work to do in the world and it is not politics."

These are the views of many hundreds of years ago. To live down to them Miss Wolsey should marry a man able to keep her in a castle to sit on a silk cushion and

The Scattered Chicks

by ALDERMAN MURIEL LESTER

UNLESS public opinion is aroused there is a danger of the Rent Restrictions Act not being renewed at the end of the year. Only those who live in places like Poplar know what this means.

Some two or three years ago when houses were decontrolled, so that once again it was possible for tenants to be evicted however creditable the condition of their rent-book, it became no uncommon thing in the East End to see a family—in one case known to me, a particularly united father, mother and six young children—compelled to disintegrate.

The father had to go to the workhouse, two of the children were sent off to our Poor Law schools at Shensfield, the baby was put into a home at Poplar, the eldest girl was given half a bed in a neighbour's already crowded home, while the mother, half frantic with grief, roamed the streets raging against society, Government, God and life.

EVENTUALLY, as a result of ceaseless agitation and insistence on proclaiming their wretched case, a room was found and the family were reunited.

About the same time that my Bow friend was behaving like the unfortunate widow, there were no less than six women in the maternity ward of the Stepney Infirmary who had no prospect of a home

—not even a one-roomed home—to which they could go with the new-born baby.

And this was through no improvidence of their own. Their husbands were not unemployed, were not wastrels. They had been evicted from their homes and had been unable to find alternative accommodation.

APPARENTLY they had been sensible, hard-working women, but that did not make things any easier for them when the dread "Notice to Quit" paper was presented at their door. In each of these cases the husband went to the workhouse and from there continued his work.

The children were divided up among relatives and sympathetic neighbours who had not acquired the middle-class habit of shutting their eyes to the reality of suffering by ejaculating, "They oughtn't to have babies."

Knowing that her family was disposed of in such a way that they would be provided with the elemental needs of food and shelter, the mother set herself to walk the *Via Dolorosa*.

Each night she slept at one or other of the adjacent doss-houses—in a little narrow bed in a line with eleven other casual lodgers.

Sometimes the woman lying next her was a quiet old lavender-seller, sometimes a drunk, a prostitute, or a swearing, foul-

tempered harridan. What effect has the environment of the expectant mother on the development of the unborn child?

In each ward there were primitive facilities for ablutions, but no privacy. One is glad to get up early in a common lodging-house and escape into the fresh air, rid of the unpleasant talk of one's fellow-lodgers, but it was a weary business to face another long day of roaming the streets until nightfall.

All honour and praise to those who carried on, burdened and sick at heart, but facing the future bravely because they were buoyed up by the hope that some day they would find a room where once more they could gather around them their scattered family and set up again that sacred thing called home.

HOPE enabled them to bear everything—but are they not tricked by elusive hope?

When my middle-class friends receive from me an unvarnished statement of facts and figures like this with a slight smile, a muttered "sob stuff," a reference to birth control, or a regret that these ex-soldiers have been so foolish as to marry, and then slide off to Charleston or to see the latest revue or to eat a seven-course dinner for which they previously attempted to create an appetite, I am tempted to believe that hope is irrational.

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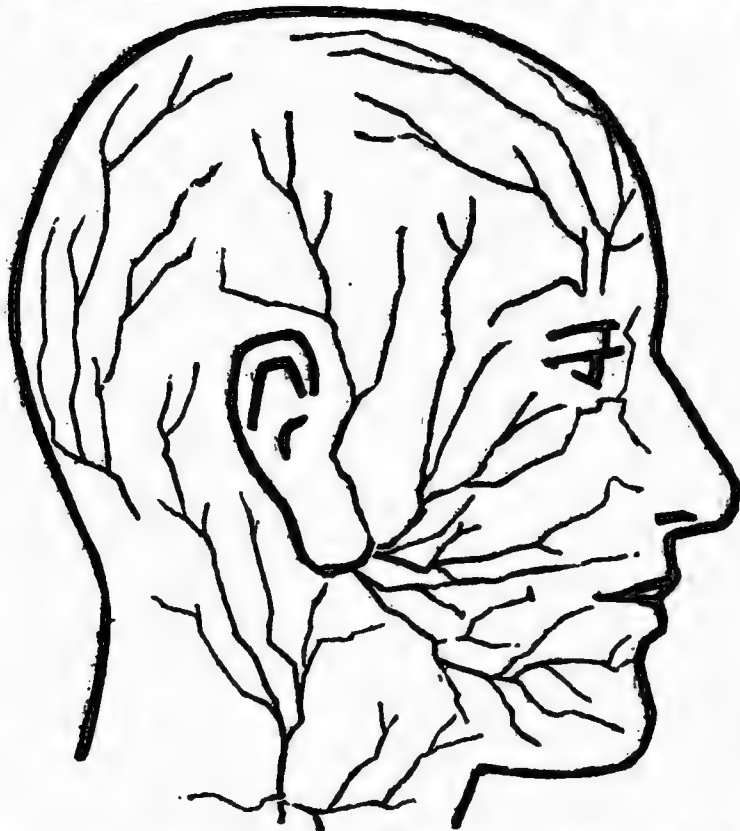
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CIGARETTE PAPERS

Human Documents

The Soul of Dishonour

Poor Kiddies!—Love for Two—Suspicion's Misery

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

FIFTEEN years ago I married a man whom I loved and honoured, and for a long time enjoyed perfect happiness. We were blessed with a baby who brought sunshine into our lives, and our first great sorrow was when we lost the little one at five.

"I felt then that I would rather have died when my baby was born, but I was consoled soon after by the knowledge that another little one would arrive to take its place. You can imagine the depth of my grief when my second baby died at ten days old.

"In my loneliness I decided to take a paying-guest. It was some relief to me to feel that I had a friend and companion who kept me from brooding over my sorrow.

"Three years later I awoke one day to find that my husband had disappeared with the woman whom I had regarded as my friend and comforter!

"I was too prostrated with grief and horror to decide upon any immediate action, and almost before I had time to realise the enormity of the offence my husband returned begging forgiveness.

"More, he asked me to help this woman as she was expecting to become the mother of his child and her own people had cast her off. He promised that in return he would try to atone for the past by doing everything possible to make me happy.

"Impressed by his apparent contrition and still loving him, I acceded to his request.

"I took a small cottage in the country and there for five heartbreaking months I cared for the woman who had so wronged me, only to find at the end that instead of being thankful she seemed to expect my husband to leave me for her.

WORDS cannot express what I went through mentally and physically in the effort to keep my husband in the path of honour. At last the woman went away, my husband having made provision for her child, and we sold up the home that was so full of shameful memories.

"I hoped that we might be able to patch up our lives again, but my husband continually hints that I would be better off without him and I find that he is still visiting the woman on whose account I have borne so much.

"Please tell me if I leave my husband will he be obliged to maintain me?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It must be unspeakably distressing to you to find that your forgiveness and self-sacrifice have had no effect in recalling your husband to a sense of devotion to you, but obviously you can do no more. He has shown himself to be the soul of dishonour and the woman ingratitude personified. You may as well leave them fit mates in depravity. Your husband is, of course, liable for your maintenance.*

I AM very much concerned for the welfare of two children. Their history is an extremely sad one, and the future seems very black for them unless something can be done to ensure a better upbringing.

Children on Tramp

"Their mother, a relation of mine, was first very happily married, but a terrible disease carried her husband off and left her without means to support herself and her one child.

"In order to keep her home together

she took a lodger, who at the time appeared to be quite a decent sort of man, and eventually she married him. Tragedy again overshadowed her life.

"Soon after the birth of her second baby, while she was still abed, she thought she heard her first child playing with fire, and forgetting for the moment her weakness, she struggled downstairs to save the little one from danger, and was stricken with paralysis, which left her a bedridden, helpless invalid.

"From that time her second husband's character seemed to change. He became neglectful and cruel, and it was a happy release for her when she died.

"Since then, the husband has taken to tramping the country with the children, and their plight is pitiable. We have more than once prevailed upon him to put them into homes, but he has taken them out again.

"Two weeks ago, the eldest ran away from him, and came to us with a terrible story of his cruelty, but he followed the child, and said we had no right to keep it. What can we do for these little ones?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is quite wrong for children to be tramping about the country in the way you describe, and if you know that they are being neglected and ill-treated you should inform the N.S.P.C.C. It is possible that they might be placed in your care as a relation who will see that they are not endangered by such an unsatisfactory mode of life.*

MY brother and sister-in-law who have been married for over fifteen years are both ardent lovers of children and it is the great disappointment of their married life that they have not been blessed with a baby of their own.

Love: Going to Waste
"Last year I paid them a visit taking my two little ones with me and it was really pathetic to see the wistful look in their eyes as they fondled my toddlers.

"They told me then that for a long time they had been thinking of adopting some unfortunate baby if they could have it from birth and regard it entirely as their own. They are in comfortable circumstances and could bring up a child with every possible advantage.

"Since then, however, a friend of theirs has been advising them to think no more of adoption, at least for a good many years yet, citing an instance of a child having been adopted by a couple who not long afterwards had a baby of their own and unconsciously lavished all their affection on their own child to the partial neglect of the other.

"As my brother and his wife are still in the thirties they fear lest the same thing may happen with them."

"HUMANIST" says: *A couple so conscientious need scarcely fear that they would even unwittingly neglect a foster-child if they were later blessed with a baby of their own. If their hearts have been overflowing with aimless parental affection for so many years there should be love and to spare for two.*

Wanted!

WORK is waiting for just men with a sense of duty, comfortably situated in life, though not necessarily wealthy, in connection with "The Greatest of These" Fund. (See page 34.)

MY wife is in need of a holiday and has asked me to send her to her parents in the country for a few months. I feel very doubtful, however, about allowing her to go.

Misery of Mistrust

"Some time after we were married she told me that before she met me she had been infatuated by a man who still lives not far from her parents' home, and she had more than once yielded to him.

"On occasions when we have visited her parents I have noticed this man's attempts to thrust his company upon us and I feel nervous as to what might happen if she were away from me.

"My wife has assured me that she will keep away from him, but I have found that her promises are not very reliable.

"I love her although I know her weakness, and I do not like to run the risk of our happiness being ruined.

"On the other hand, I feel miserable and despise myself for not trusting her, and her parents keep asking me why I do not send her to them."

"HUMANIST" says: *Remember that confidence begets faithfulness, while mistrust not only causes misery, but may destroy the inclination to fidelity. If your wife is unfaithful in thought and only requires opportunity to be unfaithful in deed, your refusal to allow her to visit her parents will not restrain her for long.*

Law's Hardship

"Fifteen years ago my wife deserted me and five years later, being unable to trace her, I went to live with another woman. We have a little boy of nine and I should like to know whether we can marry and make him legitimate under the new law."

"Humanist" says: *You may marry if you have reasonable ground for believing your wife to be dead, but your child cannot be legitimated if there was any legal barrier to your marriage at the time of his birth. It is a hardship that the new law permits legitimation where the parents could have married and did not, but prevents it where they would have married if they could.*

A Thief's Mother

"For some time my boy has been bringing home garments, saying he has obtained them cheaply as slightly damaged goods from the place where he works. Lately I have discovered that he has stolen them, and I don't know what to do as the things are not now in a fit state to be returned and if I told his employer my boy might be sent to prison."

"Humanist" says: *You must tell his employer and offer to pay for the goods. Frankness may save your boy from imprisonment, but concealment would render you liable to be punished with him.*

False Pride

"I am living with a man who is not my husband and we have two children. The father's health is not good and I am anxious to secure their future by adoption. My own folks know nothing of my mode of life and I dare not tell them or ask their advice."

"Humanist" says: *The best provision you can make for the future of your children is to give them mother-love. It is a very false pride that prevents a woman taking her parents into her confidence and prompts her to neglect her duty to her own babies.*

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will have sufficient to begin getting free gifts. Many boys have already received their engine and tender, the latter being a special bonus free of coupons to the first 2,000 boys who send for this beautiful Scale Model. Start saving B.D.V. coupons now and be one of the 2,000 lucky boys.

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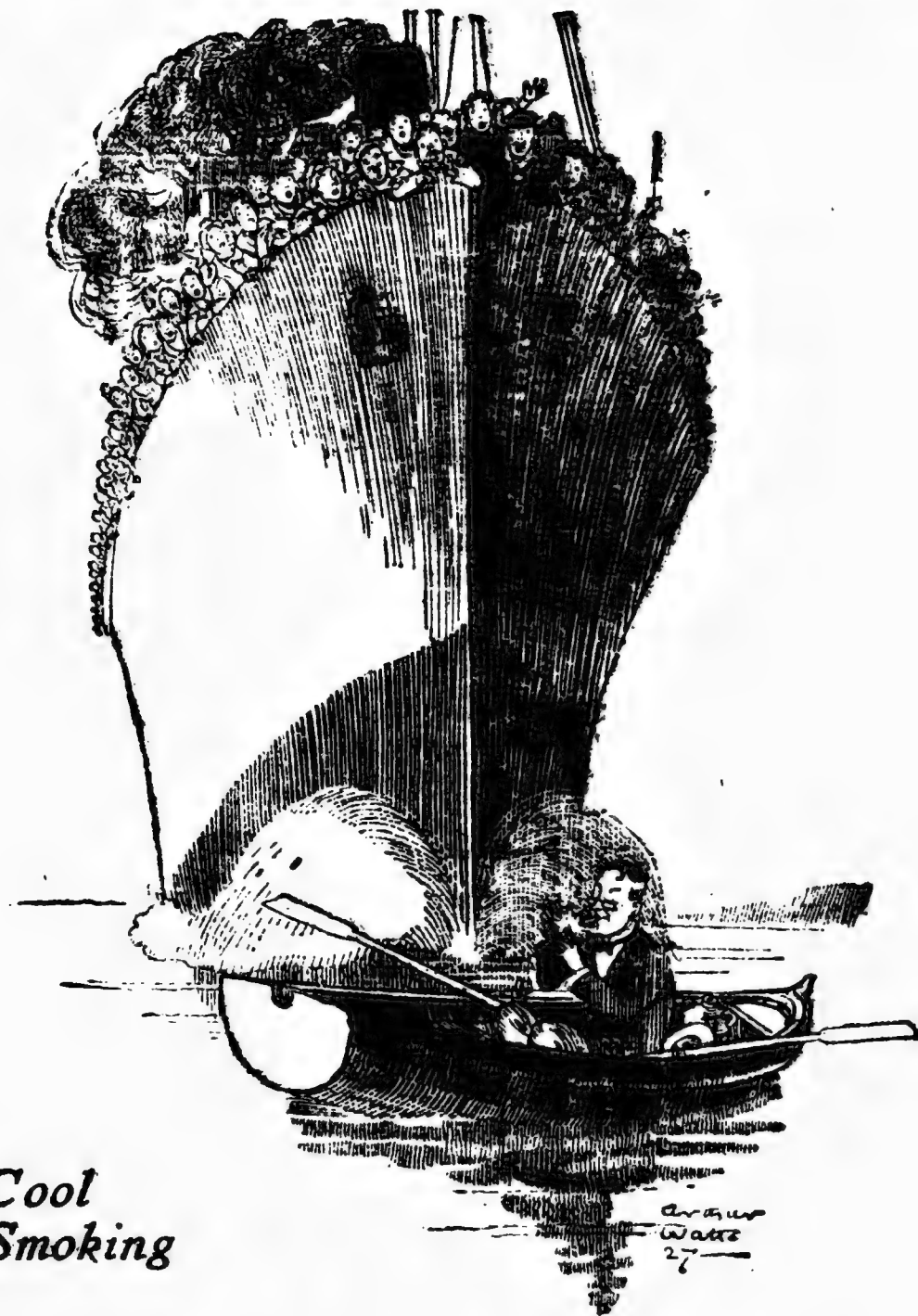


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N.C.C.38

MR. E. ROFFE THOMPSON'S
 article, "The Dragon's Teeth" (JOHN BULL, April 16), is an able exposition of one side of the Trade Union Bill; but there is another viewpoint. The original function of trade unions was to negotiate with the employers and obtain for the workers better conditions and wages. No one foresaw that unions would combine together until they were in a position to use their mighty power for political purposes, to hold the State to ransom, as occurred last year and may occur again.—*Ex-Union, London.*

The Trade Union Bill will swell the ranks of the Reds far more than years of Red rhetoric ever could. One thinks of the Prime Minister's prayer for 'Peace in our time,' and wonders if he really meant peace or pieces. For, unless he can speedily infuse a little common-sense into his colleagues, there will soon be nothing but pieces left of the great British industries.—*J. H., E. Kirkby.*

The Government cannot do other than withdraw the Trade Union Bill if it takes to heart the lessons of British history. In the fourteenth century a forerunner of the present measure, called the Statute of Labourers, was absolutely inoperative, while the later and better known Combination Laws of 1799-1800 created a state of civil strife that no amount of repression could subdue.—*E. M., Glasgow.*

If there had been no general strike, there would not now be a Trade Union Bill. Members of trade unions consist of Conservatives and Liberals as well as Labour and Communists. Whatever rights I may possess does not give me the power to dispossess the other fellow of his, and if I use compulsion, I must not blame this or any other Government trying to teach me differently.—H. J., Bolton.

I look upon the Trade Union Bill as the finest specimen of Tory oppression of the workers extant. The Bill will serve to divert attention from the main question—the seven months' coal famine, and the loss to the nation of some 500 millions. There would have been no general strike if there had been no general lock-out; and there would have been no lock-out but for Government ineptitude.—J. H., *Edinburgh.*

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson uses only truth in describing the Government's Trade Union Bill as a dangerous piece of class legislation. If proof were needed that preparations for a General Election are taking place, this Bill provides it, and whilst such a step seems suicidal on the part of the Conservative Party, it is hoping that before an appeal is made to the country the provisions of the Bill will have drained the political Labour Party of the sinews of war.—C. Manchester.

Surely the Trade Union Bill is an attempt to do just what JOHN RULL does - give justice to the people? It is intolerable that it should be legal for a section of the community to break contracts flagrantly in an attempt to coerce the whole nation; and it is a glaring injustice that workers should be forced to contribute to a political Party, or join a strike with which they have no sympathy.

-A. J. Newlands, Forfar.

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Having earned my weekly wage is it not fair that I, and I alone, should decide how to spend it, and not be compelled by any political Party to contribute to its funds. No doubt some of the so-called Socialists and trade union secretaries are trembling lest there should be less funds with which to line their pockets. Britons never shall be "political" slaves.—*H. C. O., Bradford.*

The greatest tragedy of the Trade Union Bill is that it will give fresh impetus to Communist fanatics. The general strike is never likely to be repeated, because the majority of trade unionists realise its futility. At the same time it can hardly be termed wise statesmanship to aim a blow at the heart of trade unionism when the ideas of peace and arbitration were gaining ground.—N. S., *Durham*.

The Trade Union Bill is a declaration of war on the hard-won rights of the workers. Such a challenge will without doubt be accepted and British industry will receive another staggering blow from those posing as its friends. "Save me from my friends" is a suitable prayer for Conservatives. — *Disgusted Conservative, Liverpool.*

Mr. A. G. Gardiner seems to me to be beating the air in his article, "The Wrong M.P. Scandal." The only franchise reforms we are ever likely to get are those calculated to benefit the political Party in power. Can one imagine a Conservative Government enfranchising a block of voters who would turn them out at the next election, or conversely a Labour Government disfranchising a large section of that class of the electorate which sent them back to power?—*Man of Kent.*

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Ple.")

"ANSWERS":—"Good FRIDAY is considered the great day for spring planting and on whatever DAY it falls, immense quantities of potatoes and seeds are put into cottage gardens and allotments."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL":—"On December 26, 1925, he made a will leaving FIVE-EIGHTHS of his property to Miss —, THREE-EIGHTHS to his sister and the REMAINDER to her three daughters."

"DAILY HERALD":—"The proposal to REDUCE the number of guards on certain trains from ONE to TWO on May 2 was discussed at a mass meeting of Underground railwaymen last night."

"BODMIN GUARDIAN":—"The usual Children's Programme on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock; Doors open 5.30."

get the "JOHN BULL" Racing Annual,"
price 3d. and your luck will change.

Net sale of JOHN BULL, dated March 26, 1,106,409—1,106,408, and mine! It is hard to visualise exactly what these figures represent. If all the copies were placed one on top of the other the pile would probably fall over. Seriously, though, I am out to help make that two million a fact.—E. D. Edgbaston.

The new feature of short stories by Edgar Wallace is just the thing I have long felt was wanted to make **JOHN BULL** the perfect weekly. Tales by such a well-known writer will attract non-readers to buy the paper, and when they see how excellent the contents are they will become as I have a "P.R.S." (Permanent Registered Subscriber and Pleased Regular Subscriber).—"**P.R.S.**," *N.B.*

Although I have taken in JOHN BULL for many years there is scarcely a week passes but I register a vow to have nothing more to do with it. My reason is the grief, the pain, the indignation the exposures made arouse in me. But then, again, I think of the sacred public duty JOHN BULL performs in unmasking such blackguards, and so when Wednesday comes round I am once more perusing my favourite weekly.—K., Aberdeen.

The strictures contained in your article on the lunacy laws are undoubtedly justified, but there is another aspect. The greatest experts differ on what constitutes certifiable insanity. If these men are unable to agree as to a person's sanity, how can the general practitioner be expected to give an invariably correct decision?—*L. London.*

Economy in the Civil Service is the latest outcry. By all means, but let it commence at the top of the tree, and not among the lower grades, who in many cases are struggling to maintain a wife and family on less than £3 a week.—*Interested, Northants.*

I was indeed glad to read the Duchess of Hamilton's exposure of vivisection. It would appear that some think that they are going to make the earth a paradise for humans by making it a hell for animals. Time and time again the vivisectionists' claims have been shattered. —W. W. Marldon.

The finding of the Colwyn Committee that income-tax bears no relation to the present industrial difficulties is rightly contested in JOHN BULL. A man of quite moderate income has to work six or eight weeks each year to meet income-tax demands. Those wages would otherwise be spent on commodities which would increase demand, and thus solve industrial problems.—*A Victim, Bradford.*

In JOHN BULL for April 16, Miss Mabel Horner writes of what the children of Wales are doing to promote international peace and good will. In a monthly magazine entitled *Greatheart*, there is run the "Greatheart Order of World Friendship," some of the objects being: Members to take an interest in the League of Nations; show friendship to foreigners; and learn foreign languages or Esperanto. The membership on February 28 was 10,336. —George Finlayson, *Airdrie*.

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This Week's Popular Sprint at Hurst Park—Chester Cup and the Champion Cheeses—Templestowe Doing Well—Horses Left in the Derby

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I AM not too great a believer in omens and coincidences on the race-course, but they have their day. The omen selection and coincidence tip frequently pops up, but one is apt to forget the number of times they let you down.

HOWEVER, so far this has been a money-making season for backers, and I am pinning my faith to the each-way selection which I gave for the Guineas in my notes last week, Money Maker. May he continue the good work! The son of Spearmint did not do too well in a recent trial, but these gallops are not always what they seem.

BACKERS are on top in the big races, thanks to Sprig and Embargo, and the 100 to 6 and 100 to 7 chances in the minor events have not been overpowering. At Epsom nine favourites in twelve races proved the genuine article. The layers had the sitting of a life-time.

MY French correspondent tells me that Start II. is a good long-shot for the Two Thousand, and that our Continental cousins hope to bring off the double with Esclarmonde, who goes for the Ladies' race on Friday. Both are by Sunstar, and Denman thinks highly of them, particularly of the filly. They belong to the owner of Asterus. If they fail in the Classic races they will seek retrievers at Ascot.

I HAVE been looking at the acceptors for the popular sprint at Hurst Park, the Victoria Cup, and I do not think the race will take much winning. Colorado, Apelle, and Telgus have gone, and Weissdorn, the German, is once again left at the head of an important handicap. I think Bella Minna will score for Captain Riley. Seven furlongs is this charming filly's best distance.



Major Beatty, who trains Captain Riley's Bella Minna

"A CHAMPION Cheshire Cheese of the value of 5 sovs. will be given to the owners of the first, second, and third horses respectively." This is the final clause of the conditions of the Chester Cup, due to be run on the first Wednesday in May.

THE Cheshire Cheeses are, no doubt, very nice, but they are made more appetising by the prize money which goes with them. The owner of the winning horse receives about £2,700.

LAST year the race was run and won by Hidenais in depressing circumstances. The coal dispute was on, and the event received no publicity. The six-year-old is at the top of the handicap with 9 st., and I think he will find this too much.

TEMPLESTOWE, who ran so well in the Cesarewitch, is having a special preparation for the race. For the moment I like the look of this one, and also my Great Met. selection, Try Try Again. Mr. Carr's mare finished fifth in the Epsom race and ran well.

ABOUT this period of the year I receive numerous applications asking me to publish the list of horses left in the Derby. The list is too formidable—it would occupy half my space—so I have to get my secretary busy with her typewriter. However, for general information, the animals left in appear regularly in the columns of *The Sporting Life and Sportsman*.

THE original entry for the Derby was 341. This has dwindled to 101, and there is a final forfeit to be declared on May 21. Naturally, owners whose horses are hopeless propositions get out early and save money. The first forfeit is five sovereigns, the second twenty-five, and the final fifty. The race should be worth about £12,500 to the winning owner.

A NORTHERN reader tells me that Griggs is not the only trainer to possess a covered-in galloping ground. Captain Elsey, the Malton owner-trainer, also has one. Elsey, like Griggs, has done splendidly in the early part of the season, but much of his success is due to the fact that he has acquired Kirby as stable jockey.

KIRBY had a wonderful time in 1925, and soon lost his apprentice allowance. Last year nothing went right for him when riding for Nugent, but he has come into his own again. He is certainly the jockey to be followed in the North.

CAPTAIN ELSEY, by the way, is disposing of Birchbroom, who won the Doveridge Handicap for him recently. The five-year-old will be offered for sale this week at Newmarket, when the horses of the late Sir Robert Jardine come under the hammer. Birchbroom would be a great handicapper if he were more reliable. He is apt to play antics at the post.

ALL accounts go to show that Biribi, the French hope for the Ascot Gold Cup, is doing well in his preparation for the race, and the stable is also preparing Madrigal III. for a race in England. This horse beat Biribi in the French Derby and by some people is thought to be the better of the two. The stable count on bringing off a double with them.

MOST racing men were very sorry when Major McCalmont sold The Satrap to an owner in the States shortly after

Goodwood, as there were hopes that at last a son of the flying Tetrarch might win the Derby. It was not to be. Probably the Major and Mr. Persse thought that his legs, which are a bit doubtful, would not stand the intensive training.

HOWEVER, it is interesting to note that The Satrap has been entered for the Latonia Derby, which is decided about three weeks after our race at Epsom. Like so many of our "stars" he has had to go abroad to win fame. I think he will do us credit.

AS a result of the recent dead-heats, I have been flooded with betting papers from readers whose strongest point is not mathematics. "The Rules on Betting," which appear in *The John Bull Racing Annual*, explain how these wagers should be treated.

THE rule on the subject states: "In the event of a dead-heat, and in double events, if either is decided in the backer's favour and the other results in a dead-heat, the money betted must be put together and equally divided."

A CASH transaction of 5s. to win Peardrop—dead-heated at 7-1—returns to the backer £1. The net win is 15s. A 5s. cash double Peardrop—the dead-heater, 7-1—and Norwest—100-30—returns £4 6s. 8d. The net win is £4 1s. 8d. I never mind the time taken to working out these queries, but I think most readers will find the betting rules well worth studying.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:

Sporting Life and Sportsman, *Chronicle*, *Mid-day*, *Sporting Post*, *Western Mail*, *Glasgow News Record*, *Irish Independent*, *Sporting Man*, *The Sheffield Mail*, *Leeds Mid-day*, *Sporting Special*, *Birmingham Mail*.

WKVRGZJCSFIAUH

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How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. UYSGI would read DAMON.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, April 27, to Tuesday, May 3.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Newcastle, Sheffield U., Middlesbrough, Wolverhampton, Exeter, Celtic.
5 HOME.—Newcastle, Hull, Port Vale, Brighton, Glasgow Rangers.
4 HOME.—Sheffield U., Middlesbrough, Port Vale, Stockport.
3 AWAY.—Bradford, Plymouth, Airdrie.
3 DRAWS.—Chelsea v. Manchester C., South-end v. Bristol C., Aberdeen v. Motherwell.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Newcastle, Wolverhampton, Celtic, Sunderland, Bradford.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Middlesbrough, Bradford, Crews v. Wrexham.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUE I. AND II.).—Newcastle, Sheffield U., Middlesbrough, Port Vale, Wolverhampton.

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FORECASTS FOR MAY 7.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Blackburn, Burnley, Huddersfield, Sunderland, Tottenham, West Bromwich, West Ham.

AWAY WINNER.—Newcastle.

DRAW.—Wednesday v. Leeds.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Blackpool, Grimsby, Manchester C., Notts Forest, Oldham, Portsmouth, Reading.

AWAY WINNER.—Middlesbrough.

DRAWS.—Darlington v. Clacton, Fulham v. Hull.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III.

(NORTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Aston, Bradford, Doncaster, Nelson, Stoke, Walsall, Wigan, Wrexham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Rochdale, Lincoln.

DRAW.—New Brighton v. Stockport.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III.

(SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Bournemouth, Bristol C., Charlton, Gillingham, Newport, Plymouth, Watford.

AWAY WINNERS.—Brighton, Millwall.

DRAWS.—Coventry v. Bristol R., Queens Park Rangers v. Swindon.

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Bullets Prize-winners

(Continued from page 35.)

55, Pelham St., S.W.; W. Fair, L.C.C. Brockley Sec. School, Hilly Fields; A. F. Fernor, 4, Bedford Villas, Langton, Kent; Miss Findlay, c/o 23, Alston St., Gatehead; E. Fletcher, South Lane, Hoole; Mrs. Fry, Worcester St., Bromsgrove; F. Gilling, 12, Tavistock Rd., Croydon; F. Gladwell, 7, Hamblin Rd., Woodbridge; J. Grant, 14, West St., Newport, Mon.; C. Haigh, 126, Dewhurst Rd., Huddersfield; E. Hall, 10, Eden Terr., Belmont; Miss Hanley, 41, Hainton Av., Grimsby; W. Harding, 1, Leyton Park Rd., Leyton; H. Harris, Rickettswood, Charlwood; Mrs. Hayter, 164, Carlyle Rd., Ealing; F. Heaton, 49, Jennings St., Stockport; G. Hill, 20, North Ham Rd., Littlehampton; H. Hobson, 21, Dryden St., Hull; S. Hodges, 34, Cornwall St., Chester; E. Holden, 109, Geoffrey St., Chorley; E. Holmstead, Paylop Cott., Chigwell Row; Mrs. Hughes, 275, School Rd., Yardley Wood, nr. B'ham.; E. Hurst, 6/17, Cranworth Gdns., Brixton; W. Isham, 60, Highland Rd., Earlsdon; R. Jardine, 41, Danbury St., Islington; S. Jones, 13, Mary St., Yeovil; F. Jostand, 118, Farmstead Rd., S.E.; P. Kennelly, 6, Park Lane, W.; R. Kerr, 2, Horace St., London-derry; W. Knight, 1, Kennington Park Gdns., S.E.; R. Mallinson, 26, Rodney St., W. Hartlepool; Miss MacMillan, 1017, Crow Rd., Glasgow; H. McGrath, 78, College Grove, Hull; 1. McLaren, Hillside Cott., Penarth; W. McCarrie, 2, West End Cott., Mill-gavie; Miss Measures, 30, Hartford Rd., Newtown; E. Meeson, 10, Midlothian St., Clayton; J. Menzies, 36, Whitefriars St., Perth; W. Moore, 63, Shaftesbury Av., Southampton; A. Murray, 412, Union St., Aberdeen; G. Murrell, 123, New Cross Rd., S.E.; H. Owen, 14, Brookfield Terr., Caerphilly; Mrs. Pardo, 135, Clifton Rd., Clapton; R. Parkin, 1, Clowes Terr., Ainsfield Plain; G. Payne, 3, Oxford Rd., Chiswick, W.; J. Prosser, 16, Married Qrs., Bovington Camp; A. Rawes, 21, Spellow Lane, L'pool; Mrs. Richards, 14, Clarendon Rd., Tenby; A. Richards, 65, Grosvenor Park, Camberwell; G. Richardson, 152, Gourlay St., Glasgow; C. Riley, 2, Mulberry St., Bradford; C. Savers, Andrew's Lane, Southwater; J. Scott, 22, Service St., Lennoxtown; E. Shaw, 11, North Lodge Terr., Darlington; J. Sherratt, 2, Woodland Terr., Ashford; P. Simmons, Railway Crossing, Mickleham; Mrs. Spear, 42, Ynyceon Rd., Treleaw; Mrs. Spencer, 20, St. Stephen's Rd., East Ham; W. Strong, 22, St. Martin's, Marlborough; W. Sweetman, Roscott, Louisa Rd., Dorchester; A. Temple, 29, Surtees St., Darlington; G. Thomas, 80, Henchman St., W.; J. Thomas, 2, Baden Rd., Bristol; H. Victor, South Down House, Hemfield; H. Vowles, 4, St. Andrew's Rd., Exeter; Mrs. Webb, 51, Dudley Rd., Redgley; F. Wells, 3, London Rd., Headington; E. White, The Forge, Northampton; H. White, The Cottage, Addlestone Lodge, Addlestone; T. Wilcox, 11, St. George's Rd., Stafford; L. Wills, 121, Avenue Rd., Beckenham; G. Woodhouse, 1, Keenog St., Woolwich.

List of 100 21 Winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 633 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Office of "JOHN BULL."

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1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
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4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

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So sure are we that You Will Be More Than Satisfied that we send any of the above articles upon receipt of 6d. deposit. You send small sum on receipt and monthly instalments according to the article chosen. Cash willingly returned if not absolutely satisfied and article is returned within 7 days. Irish and Colonial orders cash only.

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If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

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Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

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Please write plainly.

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2,400 drops of perfect flavour
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Why Bald So Young? Cuticura will help You

To prevent loss of hair. Dandruff, usually the cause of premature baldness, may be easily removed by regular shampoos with Cuticura Soap, preceded by touches of Cuticura Ointment. This treatment keeps the scalp clean and healthy and promotes hair growth.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 6d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 25, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

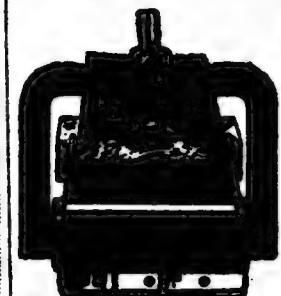
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JOHN BULL Replies



THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to cut up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

T. Y. (Bedford).—"How do you find yourself?" We don't get lost.

S. T. (Radford).—"What does one do to become an actor?" Learn to act.

M. N. (Burnside).—"I've written a 10,000-word novel out of my own head." Just fancy.

G. Y. (Morpeth).—"I had six mugs of beer before starting work." That was seven mugs altogether.

BILL G. (Doncaster).—"Summer Time is meant to save gas." Then why write such a long letter?

S. D. (Richmond).—"How do City men make so much money?" Sometimes luck; sometimes pluck.

A. S. (Canterbury).—"I enclose a few fish stories." They are very dull. We fancy they must be true.

L. T. (Eton).—"A wife will often put her husband on a pedestal." Not knowing that he's really on a bust.

T. B. (Southgate).—"He is a man who has a positive down on himself." Is he growing a moustache?

T. B. (Totnes).—"My attic is empty." We thought from your letter that your top story was vacant.

A. P. (Hayes).—"One-tenth of the world is still unexplored." What's keeping you, then?

C. T. (Cambridge).—"How do you manage to write so many bright replies?" That's our business.

H. V. (Homerton).—"I have won our firm's annual walking race three times running." Then you cheated.

M. U. G. (Kendal).—"I am considered to be a clever man." Initials are clearly sometimes deceptive.

A. P. (Highbury).—"I slept for eight hours on end." Wouldn't you have been more comfortable lying down?

T. B. (Edmonton).—"I'm a waiter, but don't get any tips." Then you'll have to use your own judgment regarding the Deity.

J. B. B. (London, W.C.).—"I worked overtime making hot-cross buns." What a rotten shot you are with the currant! You missed the bun nearly every time.

MAYIE (Cardiff).—"I was born in 1892 and am twenty-five years old." Considering your sex, we can't blame you for your arithmetic.

G. A. (Bearsden).—"The grocer is angry because I haven't paid the bill." Tell him not to lose his temper on your account.

CLARA (Eastbourne).—"I showed good form in the ladies' 100 yards race." Tut, tut, Clara. You should leave that for other people to say.

G. N. (Harwich).—"My husband is a pastrycook and made a beautiful house of cake and chocolate." Did you bolt the door?

R. M. (Highgate).—"I didn't succeed in making much money by teaching the Charleston." Did you get more kicks than hapence?

GEO. P. (Clacton).—"I went down under a struggling crowd of men who stamped on my face and tore at my garments." What was the trouble? A riot or a Rugby match?

T. R. (Deptford).—"Does your office-boy run errands?" No, he walks them.

R. T. (Rochester).—"She's a very shy girl." And a very unusual one.

T. B. A. (Roker).—"I'm looking forward to a long holiday on the sands." Don't get on the rocks.

A. R. (Camberwell).—"My husband bought me a rolling-pin." He's asking for it, isn't he?

T. B. (Eastbourne).—"I sowed pansy seed and up came marigolds." A blooming error.

G. M. (Yarmouth).—"The modern girl doesn't cry." She wants to keep her powder dry.

Miss T. (London, N.).—"I enclose my photograph. I am just twenty-one." What detained you?

F. G. S. (Summerhill).—"I always sleep at the edge of the bed." We suppose you find it easy to drop off.

T. B. (Radford).—"I called at your office on Easter Monday." Good. Call again next Easter Monday.

G. T. (Cambridge).—"Sometimes I talk to myself." We fear you have a dull time.

B. H. (Finsbury).—"Who originated the phrase 'So long'?" Probably an angler.

P. N. (Hendon).—"What is it that makes the world go round?" They don't brew it nowadays.

BILL (Durham).—"Do you know why I am a bachelor?" Because you're not married.

A. N. (Egham).—"I have never yet hit my thumb when driving in a nail." Do you get somebody else to hold the nail?

W. T. (Cork).—"Is it any good writing to you for a loan?" Oh, yes; you'll get the practice.

G. A. (Bearsden).—"The doctor forbade me to sing at the concert." Perhaps he had a ticket for it.

R. M. (Pinner).—"There is a young lady of Pinner—" Stop! We know that one.

T. B. A. (Chelsea).—"The room where he conducts his business is very tiny." A box-office?

J. T. (Southport).—"Life is a long, weary journey." Commence each mile with an 's'.

A. B. Y. (Leicester).—"I once caught a shark." Bet you haven't caught as many as we have.

L. T. (Horne Bay).—"I slipped on the path and bruised myself." It's a hard world.

N. D. (Woking).—"You can't beat a good wife." You shouldn't beat any kind.

R. G. (Finsbury Park).—"I said 'How do you do?' and he knocked me down." He naturally resented your enquiry regarding his business methods.

YOU have nothing to worry about! Then you are lucky. But you know that your neighbour has. Then be a pal to him and tell him to write (in ink) to JOHN BULL about it. The Free Advice Service will tell him how to get rid of his worry, and you will be his friend for life. Nothing to pay—only a stamped, addressed envelope.

L. T. (Howes).—"I saw him get a life sentence." Were you the best man?

A. W. (Lancaster).—"I enclose mystery story." The greatest mystery is why you did.

P. W. (Copnor).—"Can you tell me a big winner?" The bookmaker.

J. H. (Southsea).—"I have big stakes in gold mines." Probably mistakes.

N. M. (Harrow).—"I want something to occupy my mind." You don't want much.

Mrs. Y. (Nelson).—"I believe in old-fashioned remedies for babies." Babies are old-fashioned things.

W. B. H. (Attleborough).—"I can't remember where I first met my wife." Perhaps she just overtook you.

M. M. L. (Battle).—"Candidates should speak to millions by wireless." The millions don't deserve anything as bad as that.

B. C. (Reading).—"I am fond of spooning." Then we wager you often have to fork out.

R. R. (Athlone).—"It's nice to see the dawn in window peep." And then turn round and fall again to sleep.

MAY B. (Cramlington).—"I am marrying a landed proprietor." When did you land him?

H. C. B. (King's Norton).—"She fainted in the greengrocer's." Somebody must have told her the price of cauliflowers.

A. F. (Newport).—"The phrenologist examined my head and said I was going to be a politician." He evidently rapped it and heard a hollow sound.

J. L. (Southport).—"Please don't stop Bullets Gifts until I've won those Blankets and Sheets." You've one more chance this week. Next week there's a £2,000 "Gift" instead.

T. N. (Barmouth).—"I am keeping a copy of the enclosed MS." We have the other copy. The original was written before you were born.

A. N. B. (Hammersmith).—"I have taken several courses of memory-training." Then perhaps it was just economy that you didn't stamp your letter.

"VIOLINIST" (Kennington).—"I was furious because my D string broke." Hush—you must restrain your language when you write to JOHN BULL.

F. R. (Chester).—"How much is the present tax on matches?" Ask your parson, or enquire at the nearest registrar's office.

F. H. (Swindon).—"What would you call a man who could boast a rise to fame though he was thrust out into the world at first penniless?" A swanker.

JOHN D. (London, N.).—"A man and his wife shouldn't spend their holidays together." We know your game. You want us to agree and then you'll tell your wife.

B. T. (Weymouth).—"I sent you an article on milk last month, but you haven't published it." No. We skimmed through it and condensed it, but even then there was too much of it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

THE PALE, BREATHLESS GIRL.

And Her Irresistible Sister.

A young girl should be bright and full of energy. The pink flush of health should be on her cheeks. She ought to be irresistible. Life is at its best. She should not be tired and wan, too languid to enjoy plain food, too shy and timid to attract anyone, often being ill for a day and having to be in bed, and always looking limp and unhappy.

She should be full of vitality, hungry for her meals, glad to help with the housework, fond of an evening's recreation, walking with a spring in her heels, sunshine in her eyes, and the joy of living in her soul.

A girl who is thin and breathless, with no colour in her lips and cheeks, anæmic, dull-looking, will improve wonderfully under the influence of the new blood that Dr. Williams' pink pills can give her. She will gain vitality and attractiveness, grow healthy and jolly, get rid of all her languor and lassitude.

It is worth while to join the throng of rosy young womanhood—when all you need is Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of all chemists 3s. 6d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE.—No girl should miss reading the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.G., Dept. 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

ALL BRITISH TO THE SMALLEST PART

ALBERT CYCLES

Every part thoroughly tested and adjusted by skilled British workmen. This is why it has had such a wonderful reputation for 25 years in the POLICE AND POSTAL SERVICES. Now offered at amazingly low price direct from factory at 7/- monthly (less than 3d. a day).

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YEWDALE'S BABY CARS. Safe, healthy, sanitary, with beautiful fittings and coachwork, a triumph of British Workmanship. Big Art Catalogue FREE.

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SOUND VALUE

Rheumatism Cured

London, N.W.1.
Dear Sir,—I have had Rheumatism on and off for two years with most awful pains, so bad in fact that I dare not put my foot to the floor, having tried no end of oils, liniments, and numerous other so-called "cures," and all to no avail. It is only eight weeks ago since taking URACE tablets, I am only into my third box now, and I am able to take quite a long walk daily, and without use of my stick. Their value is without a doubt something to marvel about. —Yours truly, A. BRANSBY.



URACE CURES & CURES QUICKLY.

The cause of Rheumatism and kindred complaints lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tense it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters. YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD.

URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities and makes a cure certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cures—spas, appliances, belts and treatments have failed. That is why URACE is freely prescribed and supported by the medical profession.

13, 3/- & 5/- Per Box.

From Boots, Timothy White & Co., Taylor's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 82, St. Thomas Street, London, E.C.1.

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NEURALGIA CRAMP NERVE PAINS
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ASTHMA CURE

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Smart, reliable, up-to-date "CAPTAIN" Bicycles obtainable on my Unique "No Deposit" Policy. Just a 1/- or two as a guarantee of genuineness. 14 Days' Riding Trial. Carriage Paid. Guaranteed For Ever. Greatest Cycle Value in the World. "Catalogue Please" on a Postcard will introduce you to my Big Bargain Catalogues. Tyres at slaughtered prices. Accessories of every description.

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"The Greatest of These"

Are You a Just Man?

Work for All with a Sense of Duty

WE recently received a communication from an eminent clergyman in the provinces which set us wondering whether just men are becoming rare in this country!

He wrote appealing for assistance on behalf of a disabled ex-soldier, workless and with no pension or other means of support for his wife and five children. He said: "A sad case—destitute! Can you help? Alas! I have many cases like this. The town is in a very bad way."

We have knowledge of innumerable cases of want and destitution which, apparently, remain unrelieved through the ignorance or indifference of neighbours or local charitable organisations, and a great many poor folk are saved weekly from total submersion by the agency of "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

Among cases helped last week were an old soldier of sixty-nine, practically destitute; a man temporarily unemployed, who, when working full time earns little more than a pound a week with which to maintain himself and his ailing parents; an ex-Service man with only 16s. 6d. weekly on which to support his wife and two children; a widow, not eligible for pension, who has been working as a waitress to provide food for her children, but had fallen out of work and been compelled to pawn everything of value; an ex-naval man, hero of an exploit which saved a British ship from an enemy submarine.

Among our million and more readers there are many who regularly con-

tribute to the fund, but there must be many more just men who, if they realised the pressing necessity of greater support for this labour of love, would feel compelled by their sense of duty to subscribe generously and regularly.

Every penny received in donations is distributed in relief.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

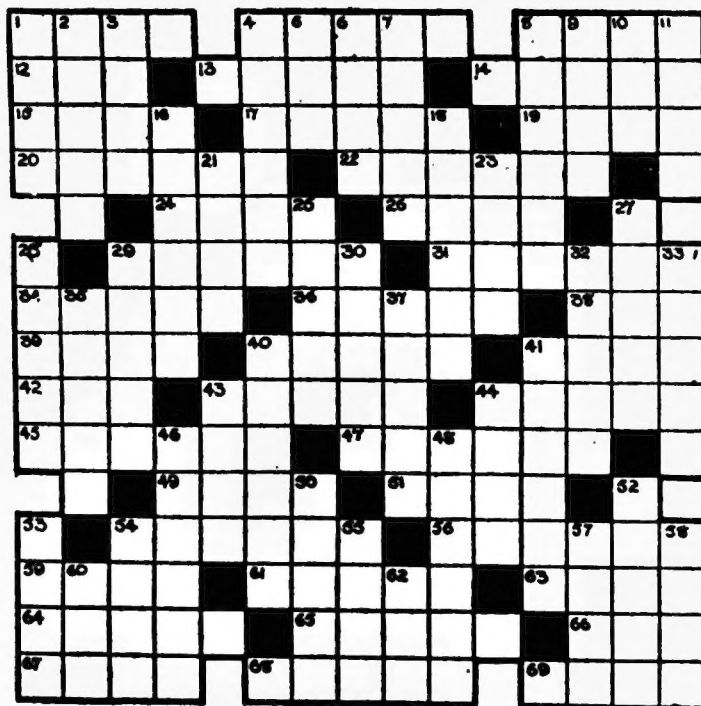
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Young Hopeful's Ninth, 2s. 6d.; A Regular Reader, 2s. 6d.; E. B. Bolton, 6d.; M. G. 1s.; Mr. J. Pettit (Bolton), 1s.; E. H. H. (South-co), 1s.; Moonshine (Kentucky), 4s. 0d.; A. Well Wisher in Yonkers, 4s. 0d.; D. B. Anon. (Leeds), 1s.; R. B. (Southwell), 6d.; H. C. F. (Dundee), 3s.; Nance, 2s. 6d.; E. J. 1s. 6d.; R. P. R. 2s. 6d.; G. M. F. 3s.; Boreen, 6d.; M. S. 2s.; E. Sullivan (Earlsfield), 1s.; E. B. H. 10s.; A. E. F. (Middlesbrough), 10s.; Anon. (Devizes), 6d.; A Little Help, 6d.; Nemo Winner, 5s.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; No. 15, 1s. 6d.; Mr. Joseph Beck (Bottle), 1s.; Good Luck (Hadley, Salop), 1s.; A Widow (Surrey), 6d.; Anon. (Burgate), 2s. 6d.; Len (Buckham Hill, 2s.); H. Bruce, 7s. 6d.; H. L. 1s.; Young Hopeful's Ninth, 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Peter Gosling, 1s.; Rudheath, 1s.; E. J. S. 3s. 9d.; Mrs. K. (Salford), 6d.; B. Jones, 6d.; A British Workman, 6d.; Anon., 1s.; (Harrington), 2s.; R. H. Wilkinson (Norfolk), 7s.; G. Gough, 2s. 6d.; G. H. (Cardiff), 1s.; Beverley, 1s.; Artic (Ken), 5s.; P. 1s. 9d.; A. J. C. 5s.; E. W. W. at Harrogate, Mrs. A. E. Collett, G. T. A. Symptonic in Devon, Mrs. T. Kempton (Castelford, York).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

Here's a Puzzler!



CLUES ACROSS

- To drop down.
- One of the blessed.
- To toll.
- To regret.
- Slip.
- A sphere.
- Branch of the Celtic language.
- To escape privately.
- Principal tributary of River Thames.
- Small talk.
- August 1.
- Possess.
- Skinny.
- Arm muscles.
- Not counted.
- Vestige.
- Hurry.
- To contend.
- Throw up.
- Present occasion.
- Inclination.
- An era.
- A beverage.
- A shield.
- Red earth.
- To be angry at.
- A cereal plant.
- Sharpen.
- To do again.
- To issue.
- Greedy.
- Decayed.
- To peruse.
- To scorch.
- Smart act.
- Consumed.
- Much in evidence nowadays.
- Overt.
- To do again.
- To issue.
- Greedy.
- Decayed.
- To peruse.
- To scorch.
- Smart act.
- Consumed.
- Much in evidence nowadays.
- Overt.

CLUES DOWN

- To be peevish.
- Relating to the car.
- For fear that.
- Part of a coat.
- To be ill.
- A god.
- An Indian kingdom.
- Flexible.
- Waste.
- A Japanese sash.
- A writing table.
- Science of duty.
- A mob rising.
- Ornamental fabric.
- Long flowing hair.
- Hebrew priest's surplice.
- To throw.
- Extract of flowers.
- Founded.
- More sensible.
- Open.
- To frighten from.
- A vagabond.
- A spiral nail.
- Female relatives.
- Humorous rally.
- To cut off.
- To be full.
- A dragnet.
- Bodlinon.
- Consumed.
- A precious stone.
- To breathe laboriously.
- Place for skating.
- A fable.
- To cut grain.
- Paradise.
- To strive for superiority.
- Untruth.

The solution of last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 31.

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You can have a 1927 Gold Medal Quadrant Cycle on 14 Days' Approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. Deposit gets immediate delivery. Thousands of testimonials. Write for our Free Lists and see the enormous saving in cash and easy payment terms.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Years of Suffering from Stomach Trouble

"No need to be hopeless," that is the message of this Human Document. Mr. W. J. Allaway, of "The Mount," Dallas Road, Hendon, London, N.W. 4, writes:—

"I feel I should like anyone suffering from Stomach Trouble to know of my case. I feel so grateful to Dr. Cassell's Tablets after suffering for years as I did before I took them. I have waited for a time to see if they were a permanent cure, and having had no recurrence for over 12 months I feel sure they have cured me of what the Doctors and myself thought was a hopeless case. It is rather difficult to give in writing what the cure to me means, as only myself and people who know me personally realise that my cure might be termed miraculous."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are an invaluable treatment for all nerve troubles, from headaches to neurasthenia.

Sole distributors: Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd.
—your guarantee of purity.

Dr. Cassell's

1/3 TABLETS 3/4

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FIRST PRIZE OF £280:
 Mrs. G. BELL, 84, St. Mary's, Lincoln.
 Example:—WINNING SMILE
 Example:—WISE SHOPKEEPER'S OTHER
 Example:—PLAY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:
 Mr. L. BALCOMBE, 322, Barking Rd., Plaistow.
 Example:—A LITTLE MORE
 Example:—"LOOTING"—AND GOVERNMENT'S
 Example:—"LOOTING".

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 Example:—PHONE GIRL—RESENTED "S FOR STUPID."
 E. J. LING, 63, Wellington Road, Wanstead, E.
 Example:—BUDGET—SAFEGUARDED BY MOTHER'S
 Example:—INDUSTRY.
 J. H. GILLING, 98, Sandon Road, Stafford.
 Example:—HANDKERCHIEF—WET—SHE'D BEEN DROPPED.
 F. J. JONES, 160, Manchester Road, Tyldesley,
 Cheshire.
 A. H. AGAIN, GUNS—TRADE "GOING BANG."
 A. H. AGAIN, 29, Prospect Park, Exeter.
 Example:—LOVE DIES "NATIONS Start" EXCHANGING
 Example:—NOTES.
 A. H. KESWICK, 75, Cottenham Street, Newcastle-
 upon-Tyne.
 Example:—WINDFALL DISMISSED "WOLF"—ATTRACTED
 Example:—WOLVES.
 F. J. MILNER, 21, Prince Street (Brow), Haworth,
 Yorkshire.
 Example:—THE SCIENTIST SAID—"NEXT ECLIPSE
 Example:—PROBABLY NATIONS."
 J. S. MORLEY, 31, St. Leonard Street, Sunderland.
 Example:—HANDKERCHIEF—BLINDS JUSTICE—AND
 Example:—HIDE.
 W. J. PATERSON, 15, Montpelier, Edinburgh.
 Example:—FAVOUR WAS HAPPY JUST ACQUIRED "THAT
 Example:—THAT."
 M. J. T. ROYLE, Royal Artillery Band, Woolwich,
 S.E.
 Example:—HIGH PRICES "PENALTY" FOLLOWING TRUST'S
 Example:—HANDLING.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:
 J. H. J. 26, Fraser Place, Aberdeen.
 Example:—WHAT IS THE LAW?—LONG ARMED—AND EARED.
 M. J. BRIGGS, 96, Norman Street, Ilkeston.
 Example:—WHAT IS THE LAW?—ONE WIFE, ONE'S WIFE.
 Example:—Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
 J. H. J. 26, Fraser Place, Aberdeen.
 Example:—FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE—WOMAN HASN'T "SEVEN
 Example:—AGES."
 V. H. FINCH, 47, Hope Street, Sheerness.
 Example:—WHAT THE SCIENTIST SAID—ON DEATH-BED—
 Example:—HUMANITY'S SAVED!
 W. J. GREENWOOD, 2, Crown Street, Redbourne, Herts.
 Example:—GOING HER AWAY—FATHER KISSED THE BRIDE-
 Example:—DOOM.
 M. J. HILL, Chantry Bungalow, Chilton, Sudbury,
 Suffolk.
 Example:—SLEEPING—EXERCISE CHECKS HER SIZE.
 R. W. ROWE, 128, Duckpool Road, Newport, Mon.
 Example:—WHAT IS THE LAW?—NECESSARY GUARDIAN
 Example:—AGAINST GUARDIANS.
 V. H. GORLEY, 4, Thoresby Crescent, Stanton Hill, nr.
 Mansfield.
 Example:—SLEEPING—THROUGH POSTPONING RUNNING RE-
 Example:—PAIRS.
 F. WALKER, 22, Furlley Street, Peckham, S.E.
 Example:—WHAT THE SCIENTIST SAID—PUDDING CONTAINED,
 Example:—ANNOYED MOTHER.
 E. WIGHAM, "Roseneath," Nottingham Road,
 Alfreton, Derbs.
 Example:—SLEEPING—NAIL FROM YOUR COFFIN.

100 "Bullets" Gift Winners:
 Adams, 5, High St., Coleford; J. Allan, 8, Ox-
 ford Terr., W.; E. Allen, 14, St. Mary St., Bridge-
 water; W. Allen, 157, Northview Drive, Westcliff;
 E. Anning, 82, Beacon Rd., Luton; C. Aylward,
 George St., Hove; S. Bagshaw, Spinney Farm,
 Northfield; F. Ballinger, Palace Gdns, Ely; A.
 Barnard, 29, Shortridge St., Sheffield; E. Bennett,
 Locklyn's Lane, Alresford; Mrs. Brooker, 86, Sibley
 Grove, Manor Park; Miss Brown, 9, Institute Terr.,
 Croydon; B. Buckley, "Ivy House," Union St., Walsall;
 W. Byrne, 61, Penbrooke Place, L'pool; H. Byron,
 Paddock Farm, Mottram; J. Cadman, 15, Manor
 Park, Chadwell Heath; T. Cameron, 19, Hurst Park
 Gdns, Pershore; E. Carter, 18, Wheeler St., Newport;
 J. E. Cartwright, Church St., Belper; B. Chalmers,
 Jewel Cott., Portobello; Mrs. Clay, 55, Main St.,
 Bideford; E. Cole, 33, Hamilton Rd., Thornton
 Heath; A. Colley, 8 House, R.F. Barracks, Chatham;
 D. Collins, 114, Treadlaw Rd., Treadlaw; O. Daniels,
 Pleasant St., Bowdley Bridge; H. Davidson, The
 Haven, Denby; S. Down, 27, Gaskell St., Clapham;
 M. Ellison, 5, Hawkswood Av., Kirkstall; W. Eyleigh,
 (Continued on page 31)

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

FINAL WEEK OF BULLETS' GIFTS!

2nd Prize
£50

4th Prize
£15

10 PRIZES OF **£5**

200 Prizes of 5/-
500 Prizes of 2/6

Bullets' 1st Prize

£250

100 PRIZES OF £1

and

100 'BULLETS' GIFTS

3rd Prize
£25

5th Prize
£10

10 PRIZES OF **£2 10/-**

8000 'Target' Prizes

Hurry up if you want a Bullets' Gift! Don't miss this final opportunity to win one of these splendid Prizes!

CHOOSE YOUR OWN GIFT!
 Canteens of Cutlery
 Ladies Gold Wrist Watches
 Cameras and many other Valuable Gifts.

How to Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about Bullets. All you have to do is this. Select any of the Examples below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were:

Example:—Bad Boy
 Bullet: "GITS IT" FROM FATHER.
 Example:—WIRELESS PROGRAMME
 Bullet:—World to the Blind.
 Example:—WRONG WAY
 Bullet:—ABOUT — ARMAMENTS REDUCING NATIONS.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 636

EAST AND WEST ABUSED
WHEN FLAPPERS VOTE THE LAND QUIETLY
WAY OF A MAN HER AIM AT ALL TIMES IN DISGUISE
GIRL TO AVOID WORTH WATCHING
WHAT THE FLIRT SAID FRIEND OF THE FAMILY AT TWENTY-ONE KEPT IN THE DARK WITHOUT A KISS
WHAT SHE WAS PROMISED WITH REGRET
HOW TO STOP PROFITEERING GOING CHEAP FEEBLE
LAUGHED AT WHAT SHE MEANT DOUBTFUL WITHOUT PETROL SUNNY
NO TIME WITH OUR MONEY NO DISGRACE LOVE OF WORK WRONG ONE
WHAT IS EDUCATION?

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 633 will be shown in the window of Mr. P. G. Goddard, The Store, Goodwood, Canterbury.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 636, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example Bullet Closing Date, Thursday, May 5.

Example Bullet
 (636) P.O. No. _____
 I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 31. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
 Address _____

Example Bullet Closing Date, Thursday, May 5.

Example Bullet
 (636) P.O. No. _____
 I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 31. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
 Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example Bullet Closing Date, Thursday, May 5.

Example Bullet
 (636) P.O. No. _____
 I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 31. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
 Address _____

Example Bullet Closing Date, Thursday, May 5.

Example Bullet
 (636) P.O. No. _____
 I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 31. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
 Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

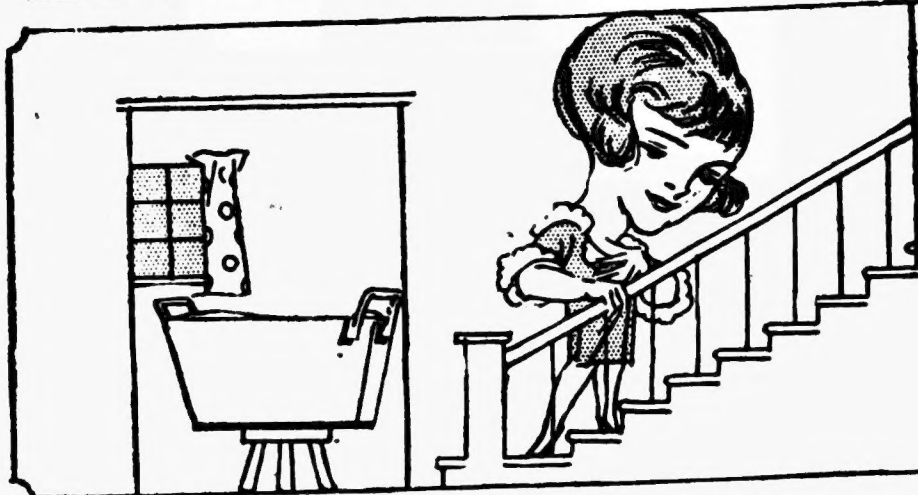
SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 637.
WHAT WE WERE PROMISED—BARE—A CELEBRITY—NEIGHBOURS—BILLY ABE—THE FACT IS—WHAT HE ASKED—ASSENT-MINDED BRIDEGRROOM—IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL—SLEEPING—EXPECT—FINISHED—WORK AND PAY—HER KISS—WHAT THE BRUTE SAID—NO CRIME—HOW TO SAVE—HEALTHY MEN—WITH A YAWN—WHAT IS A VOTE?

NEXT WEEK

£20000

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE

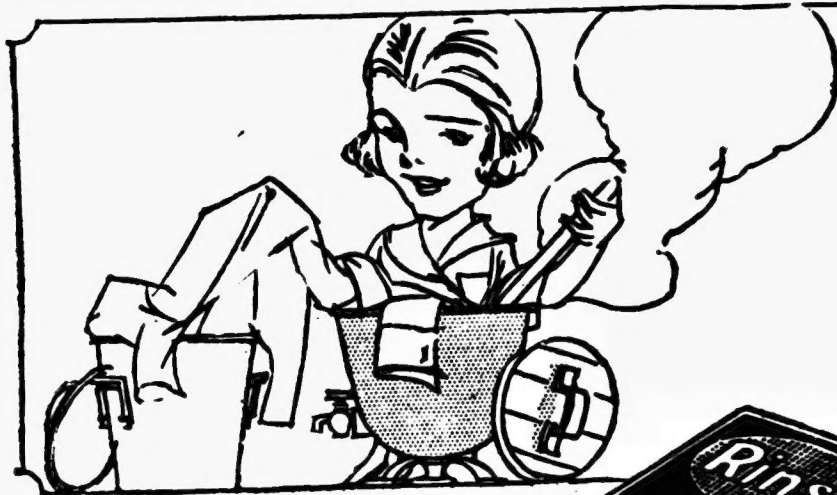
Britain's washday -- featuring Rinso



1. Mrs. Jones is rather delicate. Heavy work tires her easily, so she takes advantage of the fact that Rinso and cold water will do the washing overnight.



2. Mrs. Brown is healthy and strong and likes to do things herself, but she also likes to save time. With Rinso and hot water she soon has the washing out of the way.



3. Mrs. Robinson is neither delicate nor specially strong, but she believes in saving energy, and you will find her on washday leaving a lot of the work to the boiler and Rinso.



Rinso

washes every way

COLD OR HOT OR BOILING

8223-100

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